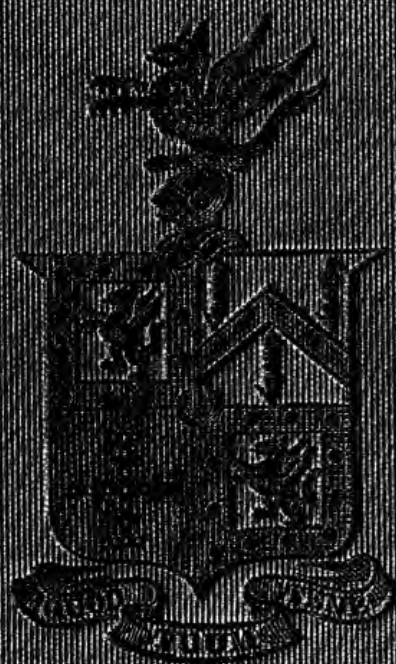
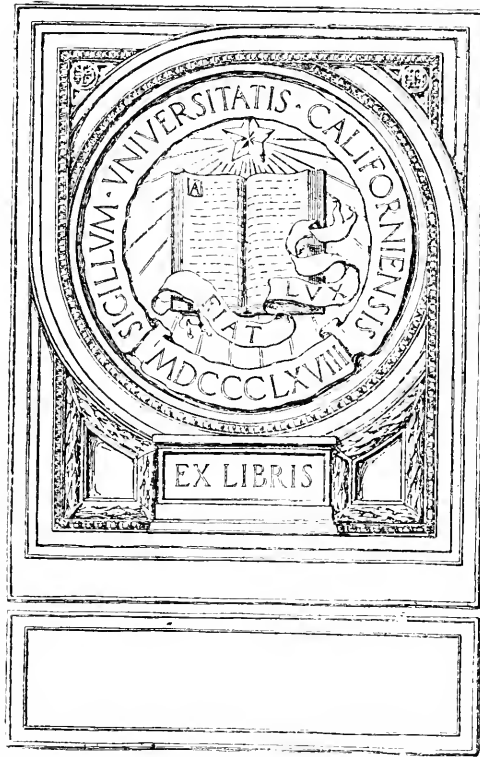


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REMAINS
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LANCASTER AND CHESTER.

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VOL. LXXVI.

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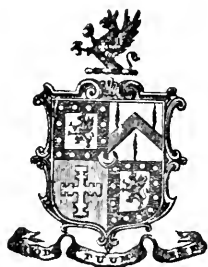
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OBSERVATIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS

DIVINE AND MORALL

IN VERSE

BY

ROBERT HEYWOOD

OF HEYWOOD, LANCASHIRE

EDITED BY

JAMES CROSSLEY Esq. F.S.A.

PRINTED FOR THE CHETHAM SOCIETY

M.DCCC.LXIX.

INTRODUCTION.

ROBERT HEYWOOD, the author of the poems now published for the first time, was the head of the ancient family of Heywood of Heywood in the county of Lancaster, and which had been seated there, as evidenced by charters and documentary proof, from the time of Edward the First.¹ A short but interesting notice of him is afforded by the excellent nonconformist Oliver Heywood when, in referring to the descent of his own line, he observes, with a natural and pardonable feeling of family pride — a feeling which even apostolic piety sometimes fails to extirpate — “’Tis possible we might spring from some younger brother of the house of Heywood of Heywood, an ancient esquire’s seat between Rochdale and Bury; for old Mr. Robert Heywood whom I knew, a pious reverend old gentleman and an excellent poet, was wont to call my father cousin.”² But, apart from this

¹ A pedigree of this family will be found in the *Iter Lancastrense*, edited by the rev. T. Corfer for the Chetham society, 1845 (Notes, p. 22), with many interesting particulars in reference to Robert Heywood’s descendants.

² Hunter’s *Life of Oliver Heywood*, pp. 3-4.

reference, all that was known of Robert Heywood till very lately was that he was the son of Peter Heywood of Heywood, who died in 1600, and Margaret, daughter and coheir of John Asheton of Penketh; that he rebuilt Heywood hall, of which restored fabric little now remains,³ in 1611; that in 1636 he received as his guest the scholar and poet Richard James, who has recorded the principal events of his visit in his *Iter Lancastrense* (Cheetham series, vol. vii.), and that he died in 1645, aged 71.⁴ His poetry was supposed to have perished, and all the researches of Mr. Hunter, aided by those of the diligent editor of the *Iter*, the rev. Thomas Corser, failed to discover any traces of it, or by the production of the compositions with which Oliver Heywood was so much pleased,⁵ to add a new name to the rather scanty list of the older poets of Lancashire.

In the spring of 1868, at one of the sales of Messrs. Sotheby in Wellington street, Strand, a small manuscript volume was purchased, which very unexpectedly supplied this desideratum. It contains two hundred and seventy-three pages in the same very neat and distinct hand-

³ A description of the hall is given in the Notes to the *Iter Lancastrense*, p. 71. It is now the property of the rev. canon Hornby, of St. Michael's, Garstang.

⁴ No portrait of him is known to exist, and my friend canon Raines, who has inspected the title deeds to the Heywood hall property, informs me that they do not throw any light upon his history.

⁵ Oliver's poetical favourite seems to have been George Herbert. I have not met with any quotation from Robert Heywood in his works, but probably he had no transcript of the "Observations."

writing, one hundred and sixty-four of which are occupied by four centuries of fix-line stanzas, and a large portion of a fifth. The title to the first century is merely "Obferuations and instructions Diuine and Morall." Then follows "The second century of Obferuations and Meditations of my wife's late father Mr. Robert Heywood of Heywood, in Lancashire;" and the third, fourth, and portion of a fifth century are appropriated to the same writer with a slight variation of phrase. The following poetical pieces succeed in the manuscript, but have no author's name attached to them: "A Difcovery of Sinne, or an extract out of the Ten Commandments of the Morall Lawe. To be learned by heart of children and others. Collected out of the workes of Mr. Perkins, Mr. Dod, &c." "Necessary Dutyes. Directions out of Mr. Rogers Practife of Christianity for every dayes use." "Of Hypocrify." "Of true Christian Liberty and of Libertinifme." pp. 165-273.

Three of Robert Heywood's daughters appear in the family pedigree (*Iter Lanc.*) as married: Dorothy to Oliver Lomax of Heap Lomax in the county of Lancaster, gent.; Elizabeth to John Worley, gent., second son of John Worley of Hovingham hall in the county of York, esq.; and Sufann to — Holme of Home, gent.; but which of the three sons-in-law was the transcriber, in whose autograph the manuscript was written, it is now difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain. His task must have been no easy one if the very difficult handwriting on the last leaf be that of Robert Heywood

himself, as appears very probable, and in that case some evident errors in the text, though the transcriber seems to have been a careful one, may be readily accounted for.

As the latter poetical pieces in the manuscript are not identified as the productions of Robert Heywood, and as a portion of one of them is included amongst the works of Roger Brierley or Breirley⁶ in that singular and somewhat uncommon volume, *A Bundle of Soul-convincing, directing and comforting Truths*, 1677, 12mo, it has been determined to confine the present publication to the "Observations" only. They are printed without any alterations of spelling, and indeed with as rigorous an adherence to the original transcript in all respects, except in the use of capital letters and in the punctuation, as it has been possible to observe.

At what period of Robert Heywood's life the "Observations" were written it would be difficult to define with exactness, but the tone and character of them would seem to indicate that age in which, after an ample experience of the world, a man is disposed to muse and meditate on what he has acted or read or observed, as life approximates to its close. There is yet one line which, if the text were correct, would point to a much earlier date for these poems :

⁶ A very curious and full biographical notice of this founder of the Grindletonian sect and his family has been subjoined in a Note to *Affheton's Journal* (Chetham series, pp. 89-96), by the rev. canon Raines, the learned and able editor of that most amusing volume.

Good Henry carle of Darby laft
 Could ne'er endure (I heare fome fay)
 A futor fhould come to him wafte
 And difcontented goe away.

Cent. 5, v. 27.

But it is evident that the tranfcriber is here at fault, and that "late" and "wait" fhould be fubftituted for "laft" and "wafte." As no particular arrangement is adhered to, it may be concluded that the verfes were written down from time to time by the author, as the thoughts rofe uppermoft in his mind, and without any intention of their being made public, but merely for his own guidance and that of the members of his family. The fubjects which they relate to are, as it will be obferved, of a very mifcellaneous defcription. Some refer to the topics and conduct of ordinary life, and to the author's experiences in reference to it, but by far the greater portion to thofe connected with religious doctrine and practice. Faith and works, election and reprobation, free grace and Pelagianifm, he defcants upon with all the unction of a profeffor. Some of his illustrations are very curious, as for example :

The cuntrye forces to be view'd
 Once Queen Elizabeth commands ;
 'Twas doubted which ſhe would haue thew'd,
 The whole or but the trayned bands ;
 This laft ſhe ment. Would God faue all ?
 His trayn'd ones ſuch we chiefly call.

: Tim 4 10

Cent. 4, 7, 95.

Gods loue towards his owne contractts
 As funbeames doe in burninge glafs,
 Wherby more forcibly it actts,
 A thinge ellſwhere comes not to paſs;
 While weaker rayes to others left
 Makes them of all excuſe bereft.

Cent. 1, v. 77.

Say for my Makers glorye I
 Be deſtinate to ſtand or fall,
 Who blames the fiſher, for the fly
 He kills, to baite his hooke withall?
 How much more may diſpoſe of me
 So abſolute a ſouerainty.

Cent. 2, v. 62.

At Lancaſter Kinge James muſt take
 Pauſe, els his preſence would of force
 A pallace of that priſonne make,
 And priſners from their boults diuorſe:
 Is not much more that manſion free
 Where God the great Kinge deigns to be?

Cent. 3, v. 65.

In Gods proceedings with his owne
 Methinkes I ſee ſome ſuch like thinge
 As by a iudge I once heard done
 To one charg'd with a reckoninge:
 Spare him, quoth he, his reaſon for't
 He's a well-willer to the court.

Cent. 4, v. 32.

My father when I was a boye
 (T' indeare my loue to him the more)
 Charg'd my ſchoole maſter he ſhould ſpye
 A fault in me to whip me for
 That he might ſpare me from the rodd:
 So deals with us our gracious God.

Cent. 5, v. 71.

His verification is generally smooth, and his style, of which brevity and compression are the chief characteristics, vigorous and pointed. Occasionally there is great force in the manner in which he sums up his opinion on a particular subject. The following verses, in which he attacks church impropiators and patrons may be taken as instances :

Thoufands of foules did make their moane ;
 Against church robbers was their cry.
 Lord patrons reape where we haue sowne,
 And we, alas ! for famine dye.

Write thou on their false gotten good,
 The price of blood ! the price of blood !

Cent. 3, v. 53.

On those who least the same deferue
 Men oft preferments doe bestowe,
 As Jeroboam made to serue
 Such as were schoold their Lord to knowe ;
 These in their patrons wills are drown'd
 As consonants in vowels found.

Cent. 2, v. 37.

One argument men often choofe
 Of greater force than that of witt,
 Which once Demetrius did use,
 But schollers cannot answer it :

Acts 19, 25

Balak can honours giue to you ;

Numb. 22, 37.

Yea, fields, faith Saul, and vineyards too.

1 Sam. 22, 7.

Cent. 2, v. 38.

The verses next quoted shew his mode of dealing with his favourite subjects, election and reprobation :

If I may my election lose
 Why may I not election winne?
 Of both in me remains the cause,
 So I to God doe first beginne:
 God sees my will will pregnant be,
 And therupon electeth me.

Cent. 4, v. 30.

Some say ther's opportunities
 Wherin (whilst men doe hitt or miss)
 Saluation or damnation lyes;
 Others say none such time there is.
 This I beleue, whom God will faue
 Finde time, the other none shall haue.

Cent. 4, v. 77.

We to the sea Pacificum
 Saile through the streyts of Magellan,
Through not *for* faith to life we come,
 No other way is left to man:
 The winde and tyde that makes us steer
 Is God's pow're, els we come not there.

Cent. 4, v. 78.

He thus pithily disposes of the question of faith and works:

Faith onely faues, and faith alone:
 How then does this with them agree
 Who say that to saluation
 Workes also necessary be?
 In Christ by faith we onely rest,
 And workes concur to manifest.

Cent. 5, v. 57.

Sometimes a combination of the scholastic and the homely produces rather a ludicrous effect:

Gods interne workes are naturall,
 Hosea 14, 4 Yet those ad extra always free ;
 Which some tho necessary call,
 Essay 43, 13 And so by consequent they be :
 Eph. 1, 11 While he who neuer changeth minde
 Ro. 11, 32. All actions to his will doth binde.
Cent. 5, v. 26.

Things vegetable and sensitiue
 Haue life as salt to keep them sweet ;
 Mens bodies foules wherby they liue ;
 These must be seasond by Gods Spirit :
 Thy foule then to that Spirit lincke
That in Gods nose thou doe not stinck.
Cent. 5, v. 27.

A few more specimens will, it is conceived, be accepted as a favourable introduction of the "Centuries" which follow, and which entitle the author, dissimilar as he is in general style and character to most of them, to a respectable place amongst the religious poets of his time. In their occasional happiness of expression and pregnant aphoristic force, some of his verses are not unworthy of comparison with many in the poems of George Herbert and Francis Quarles, which have now almost passed into household words:⁷

⁷ Mr. Corfer possesses an unpublished poetical manuscript of a Lancashire contemporary of Robert Heywood, major Joseph Rigby, of Aspull, the author of a rare little book, *The Drunkard's Prospective, or Burning Glass*, 1656, 12mo. for a notice of whom see *The War in Lancashire* (vol. lxii. Chetham series, p. 144). The manuscript is in 12mo. and contains 95 pages in a most clear and distinct handwriting. By way of title the following enumeration of contents is prefixed: "Here in this

I fawe how ease doth follow paine,
 How myfers oft with riches meet,
 How faithfull loue getts loue againe,
 And age obtaynes a windinge sheet :
 But yet this could I neuer see,
 Pride and true honor well agree.

Cent. I, v. 27.

ensueing treatise is fet forth to the views and confideration of all: First, What repentance is; 2dly, Its effects and qualities; 3dly, When we should repent; 4thly, Why we should repent; 5ly, What hindreth repentance." Much cannot be said in favour of the major's poetry. Still, though his *Pegasus* is from the Sternholdian stable, he seems to manage it with great ease to himself, and he jogs on to the end, firing off his crackers as he goes along, without any very serious tumble. As it is interesting to compare contemporaries, the following extracts may perhaps be admissible :

Hell's torments likewise us invite
 Our lyves for to amend,
 For faith our Saviour if thy hand
 Do cause thee to offend,
 Then cut it off, for better 'tis
 Maym'd into lyfe to goe
 Than having two hands to be cast
 Into the pitt below,
 Into the fire which never shal
 Be quenched, there to fry,
 There where the flame shal never cease,
 The worm shal never dye,
 The lusty bloods, the rostring blades,
 The drunkards and the swearers
 Shall there be feelers of the flame
 Which now will not be hearers.

* * * * *

An other lett, is vnbelief,
 when men will not be moued,
 For to belieue those things which by
 the word of god are proued :

While funne did fhine and birdes did finge
 There hoverd gently o're the plaine
 The bird calld Time with goulden winge,
 But few did labour time to gaine.

Ah Lord, faid I, while time doth laft
 Let me take time, leaft time be paft.

Cent. 1, v. 30.

This is the great Cyclopian Hag,
 that marcheth in the van :
 The Mountabank, that poyfoneth all
 the entrals of a Man.

This makes vs not to mynd good things,
 digeft no offered graces,
*But instantly to fpeue them vp
 in the apoftles faces.*

Of Chrift his mercy lately too
 prefumptuous they haue bin
 And now, they cannot hope for it
 though they forake their Sin :
 Afke, and aduife, confult and take
 Inſtruction from thy Syre,
 At all the generations, and
 the trybes of old inquire :

Pro 12 21

If euer ther was any man
 confounded that was iuſt.

Pfal. 18. 30

Or that did turn vnto the Lord
 and in him put his truſt :

Pro 3. 33 34

If euer God an humbled Soul
 forfook in any wyfe
 Or whom that call'd vpon his name
 did euer he deſpyfe.

Alas, this Satan's malice is,
 poor fouls for to inſnare :
 Who would haue finners to prefume
 and Penitents to deſpare.

The Senator that the Sparrow kild
 which into 's hand did fly

In viewinge fundry natures well,
 The milde, the sterne, the sober, fadd,
 The light, the angrie and the fell,
 The stoute, the merry and the madd,
 Who left roome in my thoughts did merritt
 Was euermore a scoffinge spirit.

Cent. 1, v. 36.

The cry of poore, the wrack of states,
 I sawe ambition well disgest,
 Yea, meane mens loues and great mens hates,
 To gaine a blast of aire at best ;
 And death in topp therof enquire,
 Wher's now the fruite of thy desire ?

Cent. 1, v. 50.

For refuge from the Hawk : he was
 Condemned for to dye
 (the stōry faith) as one vnfit
 to govern, or to liue,
 That would not lyfe, to that which flew
 to him for refuge giue :

Oh dost thou fly to Christ : pursu'd
 By Satan and by Sin ?
 And dost thou think, he, will thee slay
 when as thou comest in ?

An Emperour proclam'd, that hee
 would so much money fend,
 To any Person, that should such
 a Rebel apprehend.

The man, came in, as soon as hee
 the proclamation heard,
 The Emperour he gaue him both
 His lyfe, and the reward.

Can so much goodnes be in man ?
 and can you then suppose ?
 The God of Mercy, and of Peace,
 will slay the Soules of those.

Wrong'd by a frend in deed and tounge,
 I thought what quittance I might shoue ;
 Conscience cryde out, Revenge not wronge,
 Mildely cleer truth, and rest thee so ;
 Thy noble minde shall make him smart
 And wreake thy wronge upon his heart.

Cent. 1, v. 61.

I fawe the fathers landes and goods
 Ill thriuinge in the vnthrifths hand,
 Who fould the houses, felld the woods
 Which his forefathers left to stand ;
 With this exclaine, These goods ill gott
 No marvell if they prosper not.

Cent. 1, v. 74.

Heer is no place for rest an hower,
 For man is unto labour borne ;
 God spirituall ioyes doth seldom shower
 But where the yoake hath first been worne :
 Who would not striue the Crofs to meet ?
 The after comfort is so sweet.

Cent. 1, v. 82.

I fawe where riches, bewty, strength
 Did flourish like the goodly baye,
 And dayes by pleasure drawne in length
 Did chafe, as seemd, all grief away :
 At length the issue did discloase
 A prick is euer with the rose.

Cent. 1, v. 87.

Opinions some mens mindes distract,
 Some pleade for fame, els would be mute,
 Some by the hope of conquest backt
 Doe liue to iangle and dispute ;
 But euer doth the humbled minde
 More knowledge then the learned finde.

Cent. 1, v. 95.

Where doe all these greate masters lye,
 So deep in skill, in guiftes fo rare,
 Whose place fuch others now fupply
 As have of them no thought or care ?
 Once, who but fuch ? now, where are they ?
 Thus worldly glorye fades away.

Cent. 2, v, 17.

Who loues God much he fhall haue fame ;
 Glorye, who glorye doth defpife ;
 Who count all dunge for Chrift, the fame
 Is to be counted truly wife ;
 And learned he who for Gods will
 Doth crofs his crooked nature ftill.

Cent. 2, v, 18.

Rumors of vncouth villany
 Againft his aduerfe parties name
 Detraction buzd : no blabb was he,
 Nor could he vtter thinges for flame.
 Is there not One who from aboue
 Sees who thus charge and will not proue ?

Cent. 3, v, 98.

It might perhaps have been expected that Richard James,⁸ when he made Heywood hall his head quarters

⁸ We are much indebted to my friend Mr. Corfer for his refearches in reference to Richard James, and for the labour he has beftowed upon the *Iter Lancafrenfe*, a poem which will always deferue attention as one of a clafs of which unfortunately we have too few. What is now wanted is a careful collection, from various fources, of Richard James's poetry, with a new memoir of him, for which additional materials exift, and for which many frefh facts and illuftrations might be derived from a patient examination of the forty-three volumes of James's *MSS.*, all in his own autograph, which are deposite in the Bodleian library, and which comprife one volume of letters to various correspondents. — (See introduction to the *Iter Lanc.*, p. lxxvii.)

on his visit to Lancashire in 1636, himself a brother poet, would have addressed to the head of the house one of those complimentary poetical addresses which he knew so well how to compose, but, if any such were made, it has not survived, and in his *Iter Lanc.*, though he writes in enthusiastic terms of the Heywood family, he does not single out any particular individual as the object of his praise. Nothing can, however, exceed his apparent delight in reviewing his stay at Heywood hall. He styles it :

— Heywood Hall, to trading Rochdale near,
My safehold harbour Heywood, much I owe
Of praise and thanks to thee where ere I go.
I love the men, the country and the fare,
And wish here my poor fortunes settled were,
Far from the Court's ambition, City's strife,
Repos'd in Silence of a Countrey Life
Amongst the Dingles and the Appenines.

Indeed his visit seems to have cast a gleam of sunshine on the latter days of this distinguished and unfortunate scholar, who wanted, as good old Anthony Wood says, "*but a sinecure or a prebendship, and Hercules's labors would have been a trifle to him.*" A more interesting visitor than Richard James, the head of the house of Heywood could scarcely expect to receive in the mansion which he had erected. He would come full of all the varied information that travel could impart; he had mapped out and founded the depths of vast libraries; in manuscript lore was unequalled, except by Selden; was as profoundly conversant with the Saxon and Gothic lan-

guages as he was with the wide range of classical literature; had achieved a high reputation as an accomplished antiquary; and while there was no father or divine of eminence that he had not thoroughly mastered, was equally at home with Ariosto and Petrarch, with Chaucer, Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. As the librarian of Sir Robert Cotton, a name dear to learning, he had been in close converse with the eminent scholars, statesmen and patriots of the day, and to him, for his revision, the great confessor of liberty, Sir John Elliott, had intrusted the work which was the product of his prison hours, and which still unaccountably remains unpublished, "The Monarchy of Man."⁹ But more than all—he was a poet, and a poet of no inferior order. It is difficult indeed to read his fine lines addressed to Felton without being irresistibly led to the conclusion that the admirable poem on Shakespeare with the initials "J. M. S." in the second folio, and which still remains unsurpassed amongst the countless tributes to his memory, was the production of the same pen.¹⁰ Such was the man whose visit still

⁹ See a specimen of his notes on this work and some of his letters in my friend Mr. John Forster's very valuable *Life of Sir John Elliott*, 1864, vol. ii. p. 508, &c. The calumnies of that remarkably small minded person, Sir Simonds D'Ewes, in relation to James, being evidently the result of jealousy and malice embittered by puritanical moroseness, may be altogether disregarded. Mr. Forster has disposed of some of them very satisfactorily.

¹⁰ This is scarcely the place to discuss the question of the authorship of these lines on which so great a difference of opinion has existed. The

gives an interest to the locality of Heywood hall, an interest which is certainly not diminished by the discovery of the poems of the "pious, reverend old gentleman" who was his worthy entertainer.¹¹

reader may however be referred for the lines addressed to Felton, to Sir James Balfour's *Historical Works*, vol. ii. p. 174, and Mr. Fairholt's *Poems and Songs relating to George Villiers duke of Buckingham* (Percy society, 1850). That the lines were written by James we have the contemporary evidence of Balfour, and the following passage in James's poetical address to Albina (*Iter Lanc.*, introd., p. xli), clearly points to a future philippic against the duke, from his pen, as the "friend of Spain:"

Sometimes to please your high disdain
I'll strike the mighty friend of Spain
With such growne vengeance as did ne'er
Beat from Alcæus quill the ear
Of Greeks.

James's praise of Ben Jonson in his verses "On the Staple of News first presented" (*Iter Lanc.*, introd., pp. lxvi-vii), is quite as happy and well discriminated as that in the noble lines on Shakespeare:

When vulgars loose their fight and sacred peers
Of poetry conspire to make your years
Of memory eternal, THEN BE READ
By all our race of Thespians. — Board and bed
And bank and bower, valley and mountain will
Rejoice to know some pieces of your skill,
Your rich Mosaic works, inlaid by art
And curious industry, with every part
And choice of all the Ancients.

The editor need only to refer to the graceful little address to Selden, prefixed to his *Apologetical Essay*, 1632, 4to, and which may be found in the introduction to the *Iter Lanc.*, p. lxxxiii, as a proof of James's elegant facility in the shorter metres of English poetry.

¹¹ Canon Raines, whose invaluable *Lancashire MSS.* contain occasional references to Robert Heywood, obligingly enables me to add that his will

has not been found either at Chester or York, and that his name does not occur in the Bury register of burials. He further observes that the oldest gravestone at Heywood has the date 1745, but that it seems likely that the poet was buried there.

J. C.

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OBSEUATIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS
DIUINE AND MORALL
IN VERSE

OBSERVATIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS

DIUINE AND MORALL.

Mundum
Fundum *pro* { *cull.*
 pe.

1

METHOUGHT as late I chanc't to view
 At list and length this earthly stage,
 I saw exemplifyde for true
 No joye in youth, nor rest in age;
 My muse said, Minyon, heer's for thee.
 Learne this, and so take out, quoth she.

2

Alas, said I, why am I heer
 Amongst these boystringe foaminge floods.
 Which from their bosome euery where
 Cast up such foule and filthy mudds?
 Thou foole, said she, thy self reclaime,
 Then mayst thou better others blame.

B

3

I pondred in my minde her speech
 And fought her meaninge for to knowe,
 And therewithall did her befeech
 She would voutfaze the fame to showe;
 If thou, said she, true fight would winne,
 Thou with thy felf must first beginne.

4

Then gathered I into my thought
 The various course of earthly thinges,
 How euery where content is fought
 In that which no contentment brings.
 But still we roue with restles mindes
 Like swelling seas or raging windes.

5

But lackinge all, like Adams race,
 Or light, or lift, to looke at home,
 Methought I mett with many a case
 Which yet might warne me of my owne,
 And out of heaps of dunge and pelf
 I pickt some pearls out for my felf.

6

Me thought I sawe green youth's fresh flower
 Was blasted oft yer it was blowne,
 Or if it staide the vtmost hower
 To reape the fruite it self had sowne
 The end was endles flaminge fire,
 Or els repentance, for it's hire.

7

I sawe profession past her prime
 Becalmed at an ebb of zeale,
 Floatinge vnfelt doune streams of time,
 To whom the bancks did seem to faile;
 Yer I judge others, let me trye
 Who is blameworthy, they or I.

8

Hypocrisye healpt on by feare
 Would needs contract her self to grace,
 But meetinge pride her copesmate neer
 She chose to him as fairer face,
 And when she sawe her turne thus fitted
 Both feare and grace she manumitted.

9

Against their kynd, grief and disgrace
 Each other underfoote doe treade;
 Security shoulde finde the face
 A lecture of disgrace to reade;
 If I reioyce at other's ill
 My self a double cupp I fill.

10

Poore Concord all to all would be
 That he Dame Preiudice might please;
 His standing's iudg'd vnmanly,
 His bowinge doune but for his ease;
 Who would perswade a jealous wife
 Oft stirrs but seldom stinteth strife.

11

I sawe the master fet to schoole,
 The scholler beare away the pryze,
 True spirituall wisdome goe for foole
 Whiles worldlines was counted wise;
 Such as they haue men use to eate
 Who are not stord with better meate.

12

I sawe how those who will be rich
 Take up of conscience much on trust,
 With whom a while they keep their tutch
 Till golde encrease and conscience rust;
 When runne too farr upon the score
 They put up purse and paye no more.

13

Our foules phifythians oft are thent
 For miniftringe of purginge pills ;
 Prophanes fetts the truth her flint,
 And flattrye many millions kills.
 Lewd life, faire death, fsmooth fermonds, hell,
 They may concurr, but fort not well.

14

I fawe religion takinge care
 Where fhe might fafely take her neft,
 She lyght with wealth and dainty fare,
 There fhe refolu'd to take her reft ;
 And reft fhe did, for hauinge store
 It ftoppt her breath, fhe ftirrd no more.

15

Where God himfelf firft had made fadd,
 That grief yet deeper draught might fupp,
 Men faid of forrowe, Thou art madd,
 And fo pour'd in an after cupp.
 Ah Lord, faid I, this is thy rodd,
 'Tis good to houlde me faft by God.

16

When Chriflian zeale did coole within,
 She (fettinge in the outward part
 The orgaines on a merry pinne)
 Made mellody farr from the heart.
 At length it prou'd a finginge youth,
 Then zeale ranne ftreight out at the mouth.

17

While God did giue to euery grace
 And eu'ry creature too by kynd,
 Both for itfelf and for it's race,
 A constant felf preferuinge minde ;
 Sinne, Sathans creature, ftrait vp ftart,
 And needs would put in for a part.

18

I fawe where riches, honor, peace
 And pleafure at one place did meet ;
 How flattres did therunto press
 As droanes about the honny fweet :
 I lookt about me and anone
 Eu'n fuddenly, they all were gone.

19

I fawe huge numbers difcontent
 With that eftate themfelues were in ;
 When God another callinge fent
 It did not eafe their mindes a pinn,
 But toffinge till they might no more,
 Were gladd of that they left before.

20

I fawe in fame fome builde their neaft,
 And fome in pleafure place their bliff,
 Others in riches fett their reft ;
 All feed on winde, but welfare miff,
 Which yer they gott at length were faine
 To vomitt all thefe up againe.

21

I fawe the greateft leaft to care
 For vaine ambitions idle breath ;
 Meane ones as they were madd did fare
 To ftirr the fterne, though with their death ;
 And ftill inclin'd heerto fuch were
 As moft beleeu'd and leaft did feare.

22

I fawe Detraction much lament
 With downe caft eyes and dolefull tale,
 What an opprobrious ftrange event
 Did to her neighbor late befall.
 O how Dame Liur did reioice
 To heare her louinge fifters voice.

23

Reason yer while would vndertake
 To make the world and grace agree,
 And when religion roads would make
 Religion must in reason be.

Thus were they yoakt, but wott you what ?
 The leane kyne foone devour'd the fatt.

24

Against each other th'care and mouth
 For want of proffitinge complaine,
 A heatles mouth and heartles growth
 For it's companion did retayne,
 And some doe giue themselues to EASE,
 And Gallio cares for none of these.

25

Whiles wounded foules with pantinge breath
 Were tossed oft with needles feare,
 I sawe presumption haste to death,
 Yet not aware the same was neer.
 Of all belowe no joye to be
 That worldly thinges are vanity.

26

While Chrif his shipp huge tempests tofs,
 I sawe Gods steward at the sterne
 With unseen engynes billowes crofs,
 Till she at length her way did learne,
 Kept her aloft and billowes under,
 That all the world did gaze and wonder.

27

I sawe how ease doth follow paine,
 How myfers oft with riches meet,
 How faithfull loue getts loue againe,
 And age obtaynes a windinge sheet :
 But yet this could I neuer see,
 Pride and true honor well agree.

28

While foule diflaine trodd on my back
 To lift itself the more aloft,
 I fawe that one thinge I did lack,
 My hard repininge heart made foft.
 But was it foft or was it not,
 I fomewhat for my learninge gott.

29

Late was a carpenter of skill
 About to builde a curious frame,
 Many their bufye braines did fill
 How he might beft contriue the fame;
 But heedinge not what each man taught
 His purpofe in the end he raught.

30

While funne did fhine and birdes did finge
 There hoverd gently o're the plaine
 The bird calld Time with goulden winge,
 But few did labour time to gaine.
 Ah Lord, faid I, while time doth laft
 Let me take time, leaft time be paft.

31

I fawe improvidence and pride
 Prosperity and riches hate;*
 Thefe laft all means and iffues tryde
 To purchafs loue at any rate,
 But all in vaine, it would not be
 Till all were brought to beggery.

32

I fawe foule flattery lift aloft
 Each common curtsy past the moone;
 She drew her purfe fo much and oft,
 When true defert came there was none:
 Her ware beinge of fo little laft
 She went vnpaid, for all was paft.

33

Methought impatience plaide her part
 Repynninge at the woundes of touns,
 But striuinge for a quiett heart,
 Ascribinge to her sinns her wronges,
 A meeter payment did she see
 Then could by her deuifed be.

34

I sawe some loue their liues so deare,
 They pincht their bellyes and their back
 To lay up store for many a yeare
 Left that their life at length should lack ;
 When loe, some crofs in that their pelf
 Did make them leaue their life themself.

35

I sawe inflexibility
 Arm'd with a self conceited witt,
 Counted with tractability,
 Though wise, irresolute with it ;
 They stroue which should be counted wyse,
 The first of them obtain'd the pryse.

36

In viewinge fundry natures well,
 The milde, the sterne, the sober, fadd,
 The light, the angrie and the fell,
 The stoute, the merry and the madd,
 Who left roome in my thoughts did merritt
 Was euermore a scoffinge spirit.

37

I sawe self loue bringe forth this bratt
 That men their eyefight outward bend,
 Are scorneful, proude, and wott you what ?
 Haue more amifs than I can mend :
 And this I sawe, that others see
 Perhapps as much amifs in me.

38

I fawe the father vainely doate
On his fonns state when he was gone,
As though t'enioye poffeffions gott
Himfelfe muft after death be one ;
 When loe, in fight, youth gettinge raynes,
 Sav'd th'ones delight and th'others paines.

39

I fawe where was a witt at will,
But want of other parts to aet it,
Which ne'r did good atchieuement fkill
But fo farr forth as paffion backt it :
 Who in his aetions thus doth fpeed
 May thanke his paffion for the deed.

40

I fawe how kyndred longe had kept
Nature and grace in frendly bands,
Till while the one unwary flept
The other cryde, Now loofe our hands :
 Diffrence of minde did make this vfe,
 Reioycinge in fo fitt excufe.

41

I fawe Gods promiffe fo beheld
As Shimei on his pardon refted,
Who wretch, the while he had that fhield
The kinges difpleafure well difgefted.
 Read me this riddle, How can moue
 To faith Gods promiffe, not his loue ?

42

I fawe how patience purft up wrongs
As fenceles or in flumbringe fitts,
All bloody with the fcouge of tounge,
Sottifh adiudg'd by playinge witts,
 Since it repaid not rate for rate,
 Faint, faulty, or Italionate.

43

While each man built his Babells tower,
And made th'efficient of success
His worldly policy and power,
Wisdom, this bouldness to redrefs,
 Causd pride leaue off to lay a stone
 Till he confest, No God but One.

44

'Mongst many who did labour much
Safely to bringe Christs shipp ashoare,
Numbers me thought at one did grudge
Who plyde it with his little oare,
 Much blaminge, that a storme did rise,
 His sinne, floath, euell exercise.

45

I sawe self pride like th'iuye twine,
Kill while it seemed to embrace,
Which by some spiritual eyesight seen
From their self fight took further grace ;
 But that spyde too to be a sinne
 Still deeper dye was set therin.

46

I sawe where sinne and grief therfore
Cause torment like the strife of brothers,
While God for these afflicted poore
Made answer in the hearts of others ;
 After, wife walkinge stroue for like
 But lay despised in the dyke.

47

Self guilty minde of foredone wronge
I sawe to wrest well ment awrye,
While conscience in the care still runge,
Thy wrongd frend hates thee mortally.
 Let ne'r such deed of feigned frend
 Expect for any better end.

48

I fawe wher Gods own arme did worke
 (To right his truths and childrens caufe)
 Surmyfes of ill practife lurk ;
 Loe, what conclufions Nature draws !
 Nature can iudge but as it can ;
 Keep freit thy heart 'twixt God and man.

49

Plenty had ftore and much to fpare,
 Yet ftill heapt wealth, laid land to land,
 With wondrous toyle and carkinge care ;
 Yet ne'r could come to vnderftand
 That this is all he gain'd heerby,
 Like man to eate, drinke, liue and dye.

50

The crye of poore, the wrack of ftates,
 I fawe ambition well difgeft,
 Yea, meane mens loues and great mens hates,
 To gaine a blaft of aire at beft ;
 And death in topp therof enquire,
 Wher's now the fruite of thy defire ?

51

The firmament, funne, moone and ftarrs
 Their wonted reuolutions make ;
 Of famine, plenty, fickneffe, warrs,
 Men by obferuance fcantlings take :
 But when Gods grace will come or where,
 Lay downe thy witt and learne to feare.

52

Some honor farr and neer doe feek,
 Which others cafting from them finde ;
 'Tis other garden fruites unlike,
 Compar'd to miffelto by kynd,
 For euermore it beft doth flourifh
 Where other roots the fame doe nourifh.

53

I fawe how green o'weeninge witt
 Spyde weaknes in their elders minde,
 Chang'd state and gouernment with it,
 Exclaiminge how the world was blinde,
 Who founde, when they should guide the sterne,
 Men to be wife two leffons learne.

54

I fawe how pride did prune her wings
 And scofft at rashnes foild with mire,
 Whilst in disdaine away she flings
 For marringe of her gay attire,
 But stumblinge as she thus did flee
 She shew'd her shame that all might see.

55

Knowledge would need be counted wife
 And sett itself out to the shew,
 Honor, distrustinge this disguise,
 Spyde one who fought himself to knowe,
 Pryf'd all mens parts aboue his owne,
 And on his head she set the crowne.

56

Credulity made firme report
 Of wonders he had heard before ;
 He hated lyes, but, to be short,
 That badge he on his forehead bore.
 Seldom wyfe men on creditt shew
 Vnlikely tales, though they be true.

57

I fawe no quietnes attain'd
 While fond affections men obaye,
 Vntill Gods Spirit entertain'd
 Doe chafe such vaine desires away ;
 And that the grounds of all distres
 Is chiefly for the want of this.

58

I fawe how floath would trust in God
 But not endeaour once to doe;
 Self pride all on performance flood;
 At length thefe two would marry tho.
 A bratt was borne, which made the tye
 Of frendship calld hypocrify.

59

Lightnes o'retaken with reports
 Did change her ould frend for a niew,
 On frangers loue built towers and forts;
 But at the laft did finde this true:
 Oft ill conditions hatred moue,
 Where yet as frangers there was loue.

60

The tounge was raunginge heer and there,
 Loathe to be heard tho fpeakinge ill;
 I was bewrayd, and muf'd what eare
 (None by but frends) betray'd me fill.
 If I my brother buy and fell,
 Birdes, beafts, and walls have tongs to tell.

61

Wrong'd by a frend in deed and tounge,
 I thought what quittance I might shoue;
 Conscience cryde out, Revenge not wronge,
 Mildely cleer truth, and reft thee fo;
 Thy noble minde fhall make him fmart
 And wreake thy wronge upon his heart.

62

I lookt of late to fee my cafe
 How rules and practife did accord;
 My heart accus'd me with a face
 Fairer then th'inside would afford.
 Many in speculation reft,
 Wheras good practife were the beft.

63

The world was full of grief and toyle,
 I wondred why it should be fo ;
 Methought God diff'renct by this foyle
 Mans day of weale from night of woe ;
 For if he absolutely would
 He had at once all ill controld.

64

Nature corrupt faid, Oft I heare
 A point much preft cannot be true ;
 That fome delight (but who or where ?)
 To doe Gods will and finne fubdue.
 Iudge all, who haue an inward eye,
 Which of thefe two doth tell the lye.

65

I tyde me to an outward tafke,
 Anone I refted on the worke ;
 Then I would fhunne this outward mafke
 For th'inward truth, there floath did lurke.
 Bee't th'outward ayme at fome fett marke,
 Beware of puttinge out the fparke.

66

Boyes haue their toyes which touche them neer ;
 Beggars beare kingdoms in their minde ;
 Witt vnemployde findes fome play phear,
 Though in a courfe and meaner kinde :
 Thiftles as well as cedars thriue,
 And poore men, though but poorely, wiue.

67

Euen a prophane and idle ieaft,
 Thy boulte once fhott, will confcience wounde ;
 How little tho our witt doth reft
 Till for conceyts it vent hath founde,
 Which oft out of the mouth we croude
 As thunderbolt out of the cloude.

68

I fawe where prouidence and care
 Cast for content in earthly store ;
 Their booty gott they needs would share :
 This spiders webb it's spinner bore
 Awhile, but yer another day
 Eu'n both of them were swept away.

69

Methought witt were not ill imployde
 To see and noate each strange euent,
 (The worlde with presidents so cloyde)
 To know the good from ill I ment.
 I fawe that good. This finde I too,
 'Tis easier to obserue then doe.

70

Alas, why am I vext so fore
 That all things forte not to my minde ?
 Who euer had it thus before ?
 Kinges in such case we cannot finde.
 Content and man are still at odd,
 Saue as his foule enioyeth God.

71

A shipp at sea, so fully fraught
 That it could well receiue no more,
 At other little vessels laught
 To see them keep so neer the shoare :
 They scap't, it perisht, whilst that pelf
 Disabled it to wield itself.

72

If I doe lightly beare that loade
 Which godly mindes account a toyle,
 And heer would euer make abroad,
 How farr am I from grace the while ?
 The acts of life, eate, drinke, sleep, rest,
 A heauenly heart doth ill digest.

73

Who goodnes loues, the world defyes,
 Reprooud amendeth carefully,
 To rule submitts, himfelfe denyes,
 For Chrift doth suffer patiently,
 Let death and hell doe what they can
 Shall doubtless dye a happy man.

74

I fawe the fathers landes and goods
 Ill thriuinge in the vnthrifts hand,
 Who fould the houfes, felld the woods
 Which his forefathers left to stand :
 With this exclaime, Thefe goods ill gott
 No marvell if they prosper not.

75

I fawe life paffinge like a shade,
 And death to th'moft no welcome guest ;
 Some hange, fome drowne, fome dye on blade ;
 At meate, at worke ; at worke, at reft.
 Worke slackt, time loft before thy end,
 Who then will healpe thee to amend ?

76

I heard the belly and the back
 Each make complaint of th'others charge ;
 Thy pride, the firft faid, makes me lack ;
 'Tis, quoth the back, thy empty barge.
 The tafte gaue doome, the panch had wronge,
 For he had knowne his cariage longe.

77

Gods loue towards his owne contracts
 As funbeams doe in burninge glafs,
 Wherby more forcibly it acts,
 A thinge elffwere comes not to pafs ;
 While weaker rayes to others left
 Makes them of all excufe bereft.

78

Frendship I fawe playe fast and loofe,
 Lord, what may man depend on heer?
 Is Christ my frend? then heauens house
 To haste towards why doe I feare?
 These thinges belowe we too much minde,
 Which change each moment with the winde.

79

I fawe a minde with grief opprest
 To heare and feell the wounds of touns;
 Patience said, Set thy heart at rest,
 Can patience crowne where are no wrongs?
 Christ, vndeferuinge dy'de for thee;
 Thou sinn'ft, then suffer willingly.

80

I heard detraction much delight
 To blaze abroad her neighbors ill;
 So readily did she endite
 I mus'd what water turn'd her mill;
 At length I found she grund this pelf
 With streams that sprunge out of herself.

81

Lukewarmenes, loathe to toyle within,
 For outwards healps and comfort fought;
 Soone after loofenes did beginne
 Prophanes to perfection brought:
 He that would foundly sinne subdue,
 At first must resolution shew.

82

Heer is no place for rest an hower,
 For man is unto labour borne;
 God spirituall ioyes doth feldom shower
 But where the yoake hath first been worne:
 Who would not striue the Crofs to meet?
 The after comfort is so sweet.

83

I like not well of such a ioye
 As takes from me all grief for sinne;
 All is not holy that is high;
 Each shew must not be rested in,
 But that which doth me humbler make
 And teache me to myself forsake.

84

For holines God counts them chief
 Who doe esteem themselues most vile;
 Their soules for sinne fore preft with grief
 Doe yet more brighter shine the while,
 Full of diuines truth and glory,
 Dispisinge praises transitory.

85

I fawe how some damnation feare
 Who yet their sinne as hell doe hate,
 But powers of darknes raigne not there
 Where thou with sinne art at debate:
 Feare not, all cittizens of hell
 Doe like their lawes and breeding well.

86

In vertue some, some to be wife,
 Others in knowledge place their store;
 Heer one his bodye doth chaftise,
 And there another feeds the poore:
 But most men ground them on this shelf,
 They all forsake, but not themself.

87

I fawe where riches, bewty, strength
 Did flourish like the goodly baye,
 And dayes by pleasure drawne in length
 Did chafe, as seemd, all grief away:
 At length the issue did discloase
 A prick is euer with the rose.

88

My thoughts are poaringe heer belowe ;
 Ah ! foule, sprunge of so noble race,
 Why dost thou minde this vale of woe ?
 Knowe this is not thy dwellinge place ;
 All pleasures heer are short and vaine,
 Look thou on Christ thy perfect gaine.

89

What plauges, what deaths, what miseryes ;
 In euery thinge what trapps and snares ;
 What strange temptations, enemyes,
 Tryals on tryalls, thus it fares :
 Who then would loue this present life
 Where dwells such trouble, care and strife ?

90

The glasse presented to the eye
 A spott aboue of some disgrace,
 But, quoth the eye, it seems to me
 Thine owne is both the spott and face ;
 I vowe (and freight the glasse she brake)
 To hate all glasses for thy sake.

91

The ewe to schoole her litle lamb
 Desir'd the fox to shewe some prancks,
 Who first with curt'fy to the ramm
 For all his fauours gaue him thanks.
 And, drawinge neer the lamb to lick,
 He shew'd it's damm a fullen trick.

92

Some striue in vaine to please eu'n all,
 And many men say many thinges ;
 He that regardeth each mans tale
 A needles crosse upon him bringes :
 Striue to committ against ill tounge
 Thy cause to him who knowes thy wrongs.

93

A care to keep thy actions free ;
In all affaires a single minde,
That thou to nothinge slave mayst be,
Left ought thy heart in bondage binde ;
An eye in all to heauen cast,
Beginns that life shall euer last.

94

If thou for frendship cleave to man,
Neuer expect to be at rest ;
On God to fixe thy likinge then
Account it euermore the best,
For whom, if thou could'st all forsake,
Thy foule a banquet he would make.

95

Opinions some mens mindes distract,
Some pleade for fame, els would be mute,
Some by the hope of conquest backt
Doe liue to iangle and dispute ;
But euer doth the humbled minde
More knowledge then the learned finde.

96

Where faith I lookt for, I was croft,
And where I lookt for none, I found ;
Light of beleef how am I lost,
Why seek I not for surer grounde ?
Alas ! how men vnstedfast be ;
Whom may I credit, Lord, but thee ?

97

Not to be ledd with each mans tale,
Nor blowne with winde of wordes away,
Not to disclose my heart to all,
Of others sparingly to say,
Is, doubtles, to be thought the guife
Of men both moderate and wife.

98

Time doth toward a period tend ;
 Trouble at length fhall be no more ;
 Little is that which hath an end ;
 Why ftriue I not with ioye therefore ?
 Sigh, finge, praye, fuffer ; heauens blifs,
 The crowne of life, deferueth this.

99

Me thought I fawe how faith did groane
 The burden of the flefh to beare,
 While fhe enioy'de not as her owne
 The pleasures and the proffits heer,
 But therin had her freedom foulde,
 And, ft ranger like, did them behoulde.

100

I lookt upon a Chriftian life
 And fawe it loaded with the Crofs ;
 If thou haue heer both care and ft rife,
 And heauen in the end, what lofs ?
 Not backward nor afideward goe,
 Thy captaine is before thee, loe !

THE SECOND CENTURY OF OBSERVATIONS
AND MEDITATIONS
OF MY WIFE'S LATE FATHER, MR. ROBERT HEYWOOD,
OF HEYWOOD, IN LANCASHIRE.

I

PROSPERITY her case did boast
And to affliction schoolinge gaue ;
The crosse then came and all was lost,
The counsellor must counsell craue :
By this, mans weaknes we may see ;
Yet is affliction good for me.

2

I sawe where curiosity
Gods secrets needs would searcke into,
Why this man's rather sau'd then he,
That spar'd, and th'other plagued so.
Ah, Lord ! thy counsell all are iust,
Tho past the reach of clay and dust.

3

Me thought I heard a carnall minde
(Who knewe no good but earthly ioyes)
Much musinge how the godly finde
Delight in that which they counte toyes.
Let carnall ioye her censure cease,
It knowes not yet true ioye and peace.

4

Loe! man is in this preſent life
 But as a ſtranger in his inne,
 Full fraught with miſery and ſtrife,
 And preſſed downe with loads of ſinne,
 Whoſe bewty as a flowr doth fade,
 And time is ſwifter then the ſhade.

5

Oh! life moſt truly lamentable
 When good men ſuffer more then ſeek,
 And ſhall not by the wicked rabble
 Longe be enioyd, although they like:
 Why ſtand we ſtill upon this ſtage,
 And linger in this pilgrimage?

6

I ſawe longe care and holy ſtrife
 At death me ſeemd ſmall comfort lend;
 I ſawe a lewd and ſinfull life
 Make ſemblance of a happy end.
 Though God at death oft ſcowres our ruſt,
 All to the end I dare not truſt.

7

Honor is but an empty ioye,
 And worldly riches baſe and vaine,
 The pleaſures of the fleſh a toye,
 And leaue behinde them grief and paine;
 Theſe ioyes, ſince I muſt hence depart,
 Lord, let them wither in my heart.

8

We travell heer on pilgrimage
 But little wott what way we tend;
 Who ſo in goodnes ſpend their age
 They need not feare their iourneys end;
 Let thoſe, if any ſuch there be,
 Reioice in God and pittye me.

9

The gardiner from his lord had charge
 No weeds should in his garden growe;
 He cutt them when they spreadd at large,
 Not up, but neer the ground belowe:
 Herbs prosperd ill; his lord askt why?
 Error, quoth he, doth suck them dry.

10

The world once frown'd upon a friend,
 Whom, half in minde her to forsake,
 She blythely lookt on in the end;
 He wisht her this for warning take:
 If he his promise must fulfill
 She should looke on him blythely still.

11

Most thinges of comfort make a shewe,
 And most men of a beggar begg;
 Looke thou thy stepps and staff well view
 Before thou forward shift thy legg.
 Some groundes are gaye in green attire,
 Yet underneath but mudd and myre.

12

Such foules enioye an inward peace
 Who in the loue of Christ doe growe,
 Whilst still they seek the Lord to please;
 These childrens ioyes no strangers knowe.
 When God comes downe into the foule
 His sweetnes doth all thinges controll.

13

Temptations tofs men too and fro;
 If God support not who can stand?
 Vnder his shadowe let me goe;
 Late thou vpheld'st me with thy hand,
 And now I see the skye is cleer;
 Yet I'll not boast, lest stormes be neer.

14

I fawe Gods children on the seas,
 Vncertaine when to gaine the shoare,
 Now up, now doune, they found no ease.

* * * * *

Who yet in danger had for guide
 The light of faith, which still they ey'de.

[A line appears
 to have been
 lost here by
 the copyist.]

15

I fawe God's hand and healpe suspend
 To let in trifles sinne preuaile,
 Yet for my proffit in the end,
 That he my secreet pride might quaille;
 Which yet not pluckt up by the roote
 Must still be cropt, or els will shoote.

16

True humbled hearts, downe, downe would be,
 Reproofs such on their shoulders binde;
 While bearinge burdens patiently
 Lewd men reproaches still doe finde:
 While thus the wicked bend their bowe,
 Themselues yet worfe then any knowe.

17

Where doe all these greate masters lye,
 So deep in skill, in guiftes so rare,
 Whose place such others now supply
 As have of them no thought or care?
 Once, who but such? now, where are they?
 Thus worldly glorye fades away.

18

Who loues God much he shall haue fame;
 Glorye, who glorye doth despise;
 Who count all dunge for Christ, the same
 Is to be counted truely wise;
 And learned he who for Gods will
 Doth crosse his crooked nature still

19

If thou think'ft knowledge thou haft gott,
 Many there be who haue more ftore,
 And more there is thou knoweft not ;
 Why art thou, then, fo proude therfore ?
 All other knowledge is but pelf
 Vntill thou learne to knowe thy felf.

20

Many obaye lawes grudgingly,
 Drawne on by feare more then by loue ;
 Such in their mindes want liberty
 Till confcience their affections moue.
 Freely to ferue doth better pleafe ;
 T'obaye then rule too bringes more eafe.

21

Me thought I fawe a bufye head
 So much imployde for other men ;
 When it fhould ftand it felf in ftad,
 Both witt and care were wantinge then :
 Friends gaine therby wealth and welfare,
 But he himfelf had neuer a fhare.

22

I fawe lukewarmnes beare much fwaye ;
 For few affections would fubdue,
 But rather, by them ledd away,
 Good thinges more faintly men purfue.
 Till th'axe be firft laid to the roote
 To cutt the branch is little boot.

23

Can God in purpofe changed be ?
 Hearts circumcifd vncutt againe ?
 Gods Spirit in his children dye ?
 And hearts made flefh turne ftone againe ?
 Can Chrift in us, the NIEW MAN, dye ?
 Then may Gods childe fall finally.

Numb. 23, 19.

Deut. 30, 6.

John 2, 27

Ezek. 36, 26.

Col. 4, 19

24

I fawe prophanes fo preuaile
 That loue grewe colder then before,
 And him in greate account for zeale
 Who wanted of his wonted flore ;
 Wheras we forward still should prefs,
 And still should growe in godlines.

25

I fawe how fome are cenfur'd ill
 Yet reape this benefitt therby,
 To pluck their plumes abridgeth will,
 And makes them praye more earnestly ;
 While others labour all they may
 How they may like for like repaye.

26

Gods shipp of secrets as it faild
 Witt could, through reafon, plaine defcrye,
 For his profpectiue neuer faild :
 Quoth Paul the pilote, That's a lye ;
 His shipp ne'r comes within the kenn
 Nor coasts of any mortall men.

Rom. 9. 24

27

The frailtyes that in others be
 Endeavor thou with loue to beare ;
 Thou either haft the fame in thee,
 Or els the like haft caufe to feare.
 Thinke not of others to obtaine
 What from thy felf thou canst not gaine.

28

What man should fuffer ought for God
 If all were perfect heer belowe ?
 One to another is a rodd ;
 Each muft beare others burden tho ;
 None but doth healpe from others lack,
 Or for the bellye or the back.

29

I lookt, and loe! an open eare
 Was linked with a lavifhe tounge;
 A quiett minde I fought for there,
 And ftedfaftnes withall among:
 The eare and tounge did both agree
 The other two fhould banifht be.

30

We heer three judgments vndergoe:
 Firft, Gods; and next our owne; and then
 We may looke at our neighbor too,
 But not feek chiefly praife of men:
 How many tho beginne amifs,
 And end, too, in purfuite of this?

31

How prone mans nature is to finne,
 Which, tho we now feem to forfake,
 Next day we entertaine againe;
 In grace we little progrefs make.
 If now we loofe what earft we gain'd,
 What will befall us in the end?

32

Let me not drive off to repent,
 Nor good in health ceafe to performe,
 Left death or ficknes me preuent;
 Who leaues calme fea to fayle in ftorme?
 Time loft, if feen when thou art fick,
 Will pierce thy foule eu'n to the quick.

33

Better it is in time t'amend,
 To live well now, to live for euer;
 If thou the time of grace mifpend,
 Thou well mayft feek, and finde it neuer:
 So liue as at the hower of death
 Thou mayft not feare to yeeld thy breath.

34

Thinke thee a stranger heer belowe
 Whom worldly thinges doe not concerne ;
 Remember whither thou must goe,
 Before a Judge that can discerne,
 Who is not hyred with reward,
 Nor vaine excuses will regard.

35

Thou must on earth thyself inure
 To suffer patiently the crofs ;
 If heer small thinges thou'lt not endure,
 How endles paine and heauens los ?
 Twice happy, fure, thou canst not be,
 Both heer and for eternity.

36

Still learned men who much doe knowe
 Think they retaine religion fure ;
 Skill serues but vulgar uses tho,
 Vnles the heart within be pure.
 Learninge is good, yet, mixt with pelf,
 Discouers but thy feely self.

37

On those who least the fame deferue
 Men oft preferments doe bestowe,
 As Jeroboam made to serue
 Such as were schoold their Lord to knowe ;
 These in their patrons wills are drown'd
 As consonants in vowells found.

38

One argument men often choose
 Of greater force then that of witt,
 Which once Demetrius did use,
 But schollers cannot answer it :
 Balak can honors giue to you ;
 Yea, fields, faith Saul, and vinyards too.

Acts 19, 25.

Numb. 22, 37

1 Sam. 22, 7

39

It's scornfull in an abiect minde
 For popular aplause to seek,
 Which say thou both deferue and finde,
 States doe no such atchievements like :
 The first, it's owne vnworthines,
 The other, envye will suppreſs.

40

If frendſhip thou deſire to houlde
 Tell not againe what e're thou hears,
 Nor yet belecue all that is toulde,
 For folly oft in both appears ;
 Ne yet let wronges make thee reveile
 What frendſhip bidd thee once conceale.

41

Truſt not too farr a ciuill frend
 With that which is not fafe to tell,
 For if between you grudge aſcend
 His gall will with the burden ſwell.
 Councell to keep thy labour lend
 To ſchoole thyſelf, but not thy frend.

42

Yet in the man that feareth God
 Thou onely mayſt firme frendſhip finde ;
 For though you haply fall at odd,
 Gods feare againe the breach will binde,
 So as he ne're ſhall doe to thee
 Any outrageous villeny.

43

Abhorre that vice and cuſtome vile
 At mans infirmities to ſcoff :
 Some natures are with childe the while
 Vntill deliuered therof,
 Though knowinge this will be the end,
 That God they grieue and loſe a frend.

44

Yet lawes of frendship doe require
 Plaine dealinge 'twixt thy frend and thee ;
 If faults in him thou see or heare,
 Tell him his failings secretly :
 Reproof is like an Aprill storme,
 Which after leaus the weather warme.

45

A little while can pleasure last,
 Which some, tho, turne into a trade ;
 Wherin I sawe a life so pass'd
 As though the same for mirth was made :
 When death shall for a reckninge call,
 What answer will such come withall ?

46

Men oft are snar'd with foolish loue
 And clammye cares of earthly thinges,
 Which, from th'affections to remoue,
 Greate labour, sweate and forrowe brings ;
 But oh ! how soone would these things flee
 If thou, O Christ, wert sweet to me !

47

Greate weights still overpoyze the lefs ;
 We care for traff, but one thinge needs ;
 The more of that, the lefs of this ;
 Some bus'nes each mans fancye feeds :
 It is Gods mercye in a kinge
 To minde in earnest this needfull thinge.

48

God to the foule, O strange to tell,
 Is as the foule doth frame to be.
 Dost thou desire to loue him well ?
 A louing spouse he is to thee ;
 To wicked men, a iudge seuer ;
 To thee, the childe, a father deare.

49

Some grief in man is all so sweet
 It to the heart giues greater ease,
 And more it's discontents doth meet
 Then all delights the fence can please;
 Say in what subiect els thou sees
 At one self time such contraries.

50

Gods loue did once to dutyes drawe;
 Ah! sluggish flesh, how didst thou faile!
 Thou traytor. Oh! that liuinge lawe;
 Alas! what did oulde Adam ayle?
 Gods grace assisting me, will I
 Mourne for that failinge till I dye.

51

Good grapes and wilde within the wood
 Drew difference from the root and foyle,
 The iuice wherof, if it be good
 Or ill, the fruit's alike the while:
 After thy heart, for that's the ground
 Thy worke or good or ill is founde.

52

God feldom at the first declares
 What his must suffer for his sake,
 But a well-temperd cupp prepares,
 Wherof, for entrance, taste they take,
 That so experience may inure
 Them troubles after to endure.

53

Against the streame why doe I strue?
 Gods will shall surely come to pass;
 Can mine, if crosse, once thinke to thrue?
 That neuer is, nor euer was;
 But if I needs will haue it so,
 That's Gods will too, but to my woe.

54

The more with truth the heart is full
 The lefs it's pleas'd with flatteringe praife ;
 True fight of sinne thee doune will pull,
 Though wordes thee up to heauen raife ;
 Besides, eu'n they who praife thee fo
 Shall vanish, and their praises too.

55

Summer o're tyrd with winters waste
 Would shift into a warmer clyme,
 There catterpillers bred so fast
 Her budd was blasted in her pryme.
 The worst estate doe not esteem
 Adversity, though sharp it seem.

56

Resolue me how these thinges can be :
 I must flee sinne for price or paine,
 And yet serue God at liberty,
 Without respect of losse or gaine ;
 My womb two nations doth embrace,
 Th'one rul'd by wage, th'other grace.

57

A purchase for us Christ hath made,
 A heauenly inheritance ;
 Why doe we not from toyes unlade,
 And thitherward with ioye aduance ?
 Our right therto why doe we feare,
 Since we may take possession heer ?

58

If conscience doe thy act allowe,
 Yet must it be inform'd aright ;
 Beware thou doe not doubt and doe,
 For dimminge of thy inward light ;
 Saith conscience nothinge, yea nor nay,
 That's towards hell the ready way.

59

The lamp shone dimme within the minde,
 The eye would needs that light supply;
 Nay, said the other, come behinde,
 Who better can doe that then I?
 Thou canst but th'outward image see,
 But I can frame them inwardly.

60

To claime a debt which is not due,
 I sawe mans nature greatly bent;
 Who can for praise a patten shew
 But he who all is, all hath sent,
 From whom and from his staff and store
 All thinges proceed; praise him therfore.

61

By wordes God cannot vttered be,
 Nor yet conceau'd in mortall minde;
 Who can betwixt infinitye
 And finite a proportion finde?
 In wondrous wyfe tho loue layes holde
 On that wheron witt neuer could.

62

Say for my Makers glorye I
 Be destinate to stand or fall,
 Who blames the fisher for the fly
 He kills, to baite his hooke withall?
 How much more may dispose of me
 So absolute a souerainty.

63

When the last trump shall founde so shrill
 That all shall rise eu'n at an hower,
 What will the man doe puffed with skill
 And swollen bigg with pride and power,
 When those who hear true knowledge scorne
 In euerlastinge flame shall burne?

64

O foolish man, yea frantick, madd,
 Blinde, doatinge loue of this world,
 Why wilt thou for short pleasure had
 Be into endles torments hurld?
 Thou who so dreadest death and paine,
 Why fleest thou not Gods wrath amaine?

65

To thinke upon the iudgment day
 Should make our flesh and bones to quake,
 Yea, eu'n the heart and soule, I say;
 The Judge no price or praire will take,
 But as we heer haue liu'd before,
 So must we be for euermore.

66

I sawe that many sorrowe much
 When others speake of them amifs;
 The grief tho falls not oft on such
 In whom true grace and goodnes is,
 Which where it rests hath this effect,
 Not much mans iudgment to respect.

67

Some vexe themselues with foolish feare
 Of what perhaps shall neuer come;
 Future euent heape sorrowes there
 Where present cares fill up the roome:
 What to the day is incident
 Is for the day sufficient.

68

Oft I the countles numbers noate
 Of bodyes that are borne and dye,
 By part, the whole I reade by roat;
 What's he that shapes all these, thinke I,
 Who giues and takes by his greate power
 Thoufands of foules thus euery hower?

69

The minde of man should guide his tounge,
 Then see thou thinke first ye'r thou speake;
 God fetts a double guard so stronge
 On speech, leaft it the bounds should breake:
 Without thy errand thus to runne
 Is folly, faith kinge Dauids sonne.

70

For spirit and flesh, like two tyde streams,
 Will doth command and disobay;
 Of this in reprobates ther's dreams,
 Sodds which a while the streame can stay:
 Fresh keeps the course it euer went,
 Whilst salt by it to sea is sent.

71

Men in this life so short and badd
 Much changinge of affections finde;
 Now beinge merry, now but fadd,
 Now quiett, shortly vext in minde,
 Now grave, and by and by but light:
 See thou in these keep footinge right.

72

One taught by Gods good Spirit knowes
 To stand fast on these earthly thinges;
 Not caringe where the tempest blowes,
 While safe to shoare his shipp he brings:
 Thine eye and thy endeauors bend
 First on thy God, then on thy end.

73

Thou hearest others highly praisd,
 And thou thy self esteemd but base;
 Let now thy thoughts to God be raisd,
 And thou shalt litle rue thy case:
 To him thou art so much more nye
 As thou from worldly ioyes art free.

74

Who arrogates good to himself
 Gods fauor banisheth away,
 Whose Spirit loues not (where such pelf
 Takes up the roome) to make it's stay :
 Thyself to nothinge thou must bringe,
 Or neuer entertaine that Kinge.

75

I late an vncouth fight did see
 Repentance and oulde age to meet,
 And couetousnes (more strange to me)
 Quite killd, a sinne to age so sweet :
 Reclaimd from that and from the pott,
 I fought for more, but founde them not.

76

To one in paine all time is longe,
 A day is counted for a yeare ;
 What heart then is so stout and stronge
 That endles torments will not feare,
 Which both for time and for degree
 So endles and excessiue be ?

77

There is a madnes all abroad ;
 Men sweate and labour, tofs and toyle,
 To gett of dirtye earth a loade,
 And their owne soules neglect the while.
 Lord, let me all thinges els despise,
 But teache me to be heauenly wife.

78

What man so circumspectly liues
 As he is ne're deceyv'd with ill,
 Which often cause of sorrowe giues ?
 We trust too much our worldly skill :
 But on Gods healpe who doth relye
 Shall scape, or beare things patiently.

79

Men longe to knowe what is to come,
 So to prevent their misery:
 Is that the way to scape thy doome,
 And so obtaine security?

Nay, rather, forrowes seen before,
 Which needs must fall, makes grief the more.

80

A minde vnstable in my self
 I sawe, now willinge this, now that,
 Because I sett my heart on pelf,
 And lov'd I vnderstood not what.
 Creatures can ne're contentment giue,
 Though some delight for vse to liue.

81

Wordes in the aire doe flye abroade,
 And fall like snowe upon the ground;
 Thinke still where ere thou makes abroad
 Thou shalt by good or ill be founde:
 No heart is greatly mou'd by this
 But that which weake or wicked is.

82

My portion in the land of peace
 I tooke my compasses to view;
 By plott I had a lastinge lease,
 A deed of faith faire seal'd, to shewe;
 But holines mapp of my fee
 Did with the other ill agree.

83

Why should, thinke I, God take such care,
 And sweare so deep by him that's true,
 That th'heyres of promiss shall well fare,
 And oft that cou'nant too renew,
 Yet after leaue it to my will
 Whither he shall his word fulfill?

84

I fawe in bookes and speeches too
 The world much flatter'd in its sinne;
 While flattrrers for that worke they doe
 Little respect with wife men winne,
 And th'moft are blinde, and cannot see
 Diffrence of truth from flattery.

85

Me thinkes when on Gods word I rest
 Without some feelinge of his loue,
 Reason Gods promisse doth but wrest
 Vp unto Ela,* or aboue:
 Tell me, when reasons starre doth vaile,
 If needle lack how shall I sayle?

* Ela's a note
 in musick.

86

When crownes doe good mens foules attend
 Were mine eyes opened to beholde,
 Which by the world are much contemnd,
 Debase me to the ground it would,
 And caufe me heer small ioye to take,
 But to 'byde more for Christ his sake.

87

How hard it is to flesh and blood
 Little at thine owne will to looke;
 A crofs which seems to flesh not good,
 A load which nature ill can brooke:
 In heau'n an vncontroled will
 Thou shalt enioye; trust and be still.

88

Among the flowers the garland bears
 I fawe sobriety excell,
 Which nothinge doubtfull sees or hears,
 But in the better fence will tell,
 Or pafs in silence, or suspend,
 And check ill speech in foe or friend,

89

Grace makes the man in nature poore
 To be in vertue truely rich ;
 And him that's stuf't with wordly store
 To be in his affections fuch
 As who his chiefeft wealth doth finde
 To be an humble quiet minde.

90

In contemplating highest things
 Thy frailty cannot longe abide ;
 Originall corruption wrings
 Thy cogitations oft aside :
 Marke how, and with what ioye or grief,
 Thou bear'ft the burden of that strife.

91

Where reason to the rule is brought,
 And will to reason doth obey,
 A minde to fuch fubiection wrought
 Goes victor of himfelf away ;
 Which to effect is to be more
 Then of fome citty conqueror.

92

To adde in malice, or detract ;
 To yeeld ones cenfure with the times ;
 To flander, and to cloake our fact
 By whifpringe clofely others crymes ;
 Is doubtles to be thought the art
 Of an vnfounde and filthye heart.

93

Who doth revolve within his thought
 How greate his finns and failings be,
 How little goodnes he hath wrought,
 And how farr from perfection he,
 Doubtles of grace hath greater store
 Then he who findes himfelf haue more.

94

In God we liue, and mooue, and be,
 His life is actinge euery hower ;
 Each foule, beaft, bird, each leafe and tree,
 Failes if not still fedd by his power :
 Can the niew man both act and liue
 And not from him then still deriue ?

95

Then growe you plants and flourifh still
 Though th'earth from you it's liquor locke ;
 You graffs, when you haue firft your fill
 Of fapp, thriue on without the flock ;
 You of yourfelues can clufters beare,
 Henceforth yourfelfe ftill truft and feare.

96

To thinke upon that dreadfull day
 When all men muft their reckninge make,
 And heauen and earth fhall shrink away,
 Might make our uery bones to quake ;
 Vnles thou turne, how wilt thou flee
 The fire of Gods greate ielofy ?

97

Men modestly themfelues muft beare
 In fpeakinge of their owne affaires ;
 There oft yet follye doth apeare ;
 Self praife too thy eftem impaires,
 And fhewes a weake and worthles minde.
 Full ftufft with nothinge els but winde.

98

'Tis meet that men feell mifery,
 Nothinge's more needfull then the crofs ;
 If thou wilt Chrifts difciple be,
 Prepare for grief, rebuke and lofs :
 In flefhly will, in paine and pelf,
 In all, thou muft forfake thyfelf.

99

Gen. 9. 10

With man and beaſt God's couenant was ;
Did he ought from the beaſt exact ?
To them yet did his promiſſe paſs,
They made a ſubieſt to the act :
Thy couenant, Lord, thou makes with me
Confiſts not in myſelf, but thee.

100

Eſay 54. 9.

For where that once made at the Flood
To this of grace thou doſt compare,
If that proportion houlde for good
Then I therein make up no ſhare,
Sawe circumciſion, which yet too
Thou workes within wherby I doe.

THE THIRD CENTURY OF OBSERVATIONS
AND MEDITATIONS
OF THE LATE MR. ROBERT HEYWOOD OF
HEYWOOD IN LANCASHIRE.

I

FAITH, where it is, doth testify
Vnto the foule it's happy case,
The Spirits pledge : fay, doth it lye?
Darst thou fay so? with what a face?
Which yet is thus much better fure
Because it faith, It shall endure.

2

What stepps of state, what base degree
Canst thou among the creatures finde
(Proportion'd to infinity)
God more or less in debt to binde?
The beast is ours to keep or kill;
Much more we his to spare or spill.

3

I labourd in my proper strength
To bringe a proiect to effect;
My care and cost were lost at length,
And God when I did least suspect
Brought it about, to let me see
On him must my dependence be.

4

Who could but with an inward eye
Behould the foes we walke among,
Thoufands of fnares and feands should fee
About his foule and bodye thronge;
If then thou keep not throughly arm'd
How canst thou looke to scape vnarm'd?

5

Many at their conuerfion firft
Haue been moft humble, after lewde;
Zealous, deuoute and filent earft,
After ftrange alteration fhewd:
From which too common fallinge euell
This prouerb fprunge, Yonge faint, oulde deuil.

6

With Dives fome make heauen heer,
Some liue as ftrangers on the earth,
One day the diffrence will appeare
Which is the found and laftinge mirth;
Meane while each party hath his ground,
And doth in his owne fence abound.

7

Who would be Chrifts and haue Chrift his
Must leaue and loofe his propper will;
The neerer thou attaines to this
The greater ioye thy heart doth fill;
But who fo will exceptions make,
When tryall comes will truth forfake.

8

Why doft thou boaft thy felf? Alas!
All thinges compar'd with God are vaine;
Thinke who thou art and what thou was,
And walke not at fo high a ftreine:
Wormes meate, a ftinkinge carrion, duft,
And unto that againe thou muft.

9

Our life is toffed vp and downe,
 And as a shadowe flydes away
 Which now is heer and quickly gone,
 Or as the shortest winters day;
 And foone forgott are they that dye
 When in the coffin once they lye.

10

When feeling's absent faith is stronger;
 Say some, presumption too seems true;
 Vnles I fighe, then praye and longe,
 And by endeauor diffrence shewe,
 My confidence but bears the name,
 And with the latter is the fame.

11

Thus fareth it with feely man:
 At first he is the deuills slaue;
 God takes him to his seruice then,
 Where, if he well himself behaue,
 To finish what he hath begunne
 God makes him his adopted sonne.

12

Greate mens example greatly swayes;
 Are doctors of their skill bereau'd?
 Though (Nichodemus) thus thou sayes,
 Looke on thy booke, thou art decey'vd:
 Fond Ieremy, is this thinge so
 And my lord Pashur cannot knowe?

13

Men number oft their fields and sheep,
 But still forgett their dayes to tell:
 O that of time we counte could keep!
 What would those giue who are in hell
 But for a minute of that store
 We waste, they want for euermore?

14

When God commands what we first will
 We readily the same obeye,
 But crosse thine inclination still,
 That prooves thee in the ready way.
 Thinkst thou with sloath thy God to please?
 His kingdom is not had with ease.

15

Thought, entertainment, lingringe stations,
 Wishe or desire, consent to sinne,
 Endeavor, act, oft iterations,
 Contempt of counsell, boast therein,
 Is scorners chaire, the cushion hell,
 Wherto these stepps tend; mark them well.

16

Sinne, as men by experience see,
 Is rankest corne the cuntrye yeelds,
 For men make where the land should be
 Dunghills, and of their dunghills fields:
 Saith one, 'Twill ne're be better then
 While threads are made in husbandmen.

17

Good men are fooles while they liue heer
 And wicked men are counted wise,
 But when they both lye on the beer
 Farr otherwyse their state we pryze.
 Goodnes gaires thus much ground of ill,
 Her children iustify her still.

18

One once was to his neighbor kinde,
 A liberall minde therein to shewe,
 Thinkinge withall his loue to binde;
 What thanks was rendred would you knowe?
 This, quoth the churle, came by my witt:
 These thanks and bounty finely fitt.

19

Greate croffes came ; hard luck fay we :
 Yet oft it proues worth all thy flore,
 It brings into necessity.
 Colde comforte ; can you fay no more ?
 Smile not heerat, thy fence of this
 Breeds praire, which answer cannot mis.

20

Beware thou heauen doe not fell
 While prest thou think'ft by need therto ;
 Nay, to another, marke this well,
 As Iacob once did, doe not doe :
 If any need prophane will be
 Let him be fo himself for thee.

21

In flore of means, corne, wine and oyle,
 Cheerfull to be is no greate thinge ;
 But when we in afflictions boyle,
 What then doth ease and comfort bringe
 Is worthy both to be esteemd,
 And as a marvell may be deemd.

22

'Tis strange how some poore sinners quake
 At euery sinne, at death are boulde ;
 Others of sinne a scoff doe make,
 Who at the name of death waxe colde,
 Whom when the Lord to reckninge calls,
 Noife of a moufe, a shade apales.

23

'Tis true in praire affections mixt
 With mine owne cause may be my ease,
 If in my heart Gods loue be fixt
 Thinke not reuenge tho holds a place :
 I may expect (if so I call)
 Vengeance on mine owne head to fall.

24

Some doe the deuills weopens choofe,
 But fire is neuer quencht with fire ;
 Calme wordes againſt rough ſpeeches uſe ;
 And ſtill among, to cure thine ire,
 Labour thy finns to feell and fee,
 So thy proude heart ſhall humbled be.

25

Some fay the uſe of outward things
 Doe not at all defile a man ;
 But when it inward bondage bringes
 Shunne it with all the might thou can.
 Some outward things which lawfull be,
 Ill v'd doe turne quite contrary.

26

Good hearts muſt looke for ill reports ;
 If true, to humble them ; if not,
 Beware how thou to ſhifts reſorts ;
 What by reuenge or lyes is gott,
 Or flattery to confeſs a fault
 Wher's none, is but with God to halte.

27

Who ſuffer for a righteous cauſe
 Are bleſſed. Say, beleeveſt thou this ?
 And art thou ſure thou ſhalt not pauſe,
 Or doubt what's right or what amiſſ,
 If that intoxicatinge cupp
 Of deſolation were ſet up ?

28

Experience ſoone would manifeſt
 Though outward guiſts be ne're ſo greate,
 Yet if in Chriſt thou doſt not reſt,
 And he in thee doe worke the feate,
 Thou ſure will ſhrinke. A holy life
 Is then the way to ſtint this ſtrife.

29

Against such as did trust their witt
 I sawe oppression much prevaile;
 But when thou craft with craft will fitt,
 That fort it's founder soone will faile.
 In streights still goe to God, and praye
 To teache thee what to doe and say.

30

That butcherly Church discipline
 Which a declininge age forth brought
 (The truth of discipline not seen)
 In some hath this opinion wrought,
 That who reprooves the same hath hope
 In his owne parish to be pope.

Commutation
 of penance.

31

Who willingly confesseth sinne,
 Or will acuse himself by name?
 Yea, rather, who will not beginne
 To mince his fault, and others blame?
 * Because confession presupposes
 Thou guilty grants and filth discloses.

32

If we confesse and kisse the rodd,
 How shall we misg but fauor finde?
 Is there more loue in man than God,
 Though we haue been to him vnkinde?
 If earthly fathers loue expresse,
 How much more He if we confesse.

33

Some in their cupps and merry glee
 Want not their inward gypes of grief:
 Sinne will it's owne tormentor be,
 Iudge, iaylor, hangman, and in brief
 It pynioneth the soule with cordes,
 And vengeance in the conscience hoards.

34

Greate feare for grofs and heynous finnes
 A wicked heart may well professe,
 For feare and thefe be euer twinns,
 But ne're his owne vnworthines;
 Which who fo from his heart can fay,
 Christs blood hath wafht his finns away.

35

Some doe a fermon much commend
 Well coucht for oratory ftyle;
 Witt and inuention is their end:
 How doth mans heart it felf beguile!
 For, let the preacher confcience prefs,
 Then he is but a brainesick affe.

36

I fawe good counsell fpent in vaine,
 Pleafure and pelf fo filld the minde:
 Sathan by this oft makes more gaine
 Then practifes of any kynd,
 In ftoppinge th'care from preachers voice
 With foundinge of a greater noife.

37

Oft fruites of corne or plants doe fpringe
 (From fome ill feed or barren ground)
 Vnto a blade or fuch like thinge,
 Wherin no fubftance can be found:
 Bare eloquence but fowne for feed,
 It will in hearers wind-eggs breed.

38

I once did heare felf-confidence
 Condemne fure faith as nothinge good
 But to breed floath; and now from whence
 This came methought I vnderftood;
 For heauens theirs if fuch could knowe
 They feell which way the winde would blowe.

39

In ridinge we are well aware
 We come not neer the ditches brinck ;
 In liuinge too we muſt haue care
 We doe not at occaſions wincke :
 Who liſts not Sathans budgett fill
 Muſt oft flee things not meerly ill.

40

Some labour (for their vanities)
 To ſtill reprouers with this charme,
 It's lawfull ; all doe thus thou fees ;
 What ! doe I any bodye harme ?
 Where thus corrupted reaſon ſpeeds,
 There ill afection euer breeds.

41

What ſelf-bredd power or excellence
 Aboue the beaſt (that's for the knife)
 Hath man, wherwith to make pretenſe
 And challenge freedom for his life ?
 For independent of his owne
 It muſt be, els as good as none.

42

Many are ſtiff in hereſy
 (Gods feed vnrooted in their ground),
 Still taynted with inſtancy
 Becauſe in iudgment neuer found.
 Where knowledge reſts but in the minde,
 Not in the heart, that man is blinde.

43

Skill and dexterity of witt
 I ſawe (and theſe are goodly guiſts)
 Where now of grace, and thoſe with it,
 Dwells barrenneſſe ſuply'de by ſhifts.
 Greate readers ſometimes knowledge finde,
 But more an exerciſed minde.

44

When thou at Gods accountinge booke
Could'st quake, when promiffes were fweet
And thou didst oft on confcience looke,
Say (for I would with confcience meet)
Whither is now more deare to thee,
That ftate or els the contrary?

45

It makes my Sabaoths fervice colde
Vpon that fared holy day,
If minde and handes doe not withoulde
As from hard labour, fo from playe;
Nay, who can that dayes dutyes quitt?
And nature is not infinit.

46

We are commanded and muft fight;
God fetts before our face the hyre,
Entayles it on us as our right,
Giues vs the conquest to acquire,
Supports, giues courage, fmites, doth all,
And when o'rematcht bids us but call.

47

Many men doe for knowledge ftriue;
But where affection is not too,
That foule in grace is not aliue;
This wonder can affection doe,
The foule at death to that faft knitt
Wheron before it was fo fett.

48

After fome ioyes the faints oft feell
Some deadly drowfines withall:
And doth this trouble thee the while
Left it forerunne fome further fall?
Feare ftill, yet of good comfort be;
Thy spirituall life is yet in thee.

49

I fawe good-natur'd youths difdaine
 With Hazael to be foretoulde
 How ill they would requite againe
 Their parents loue when they were oulde :
 The tryall is, if kindnes stand
 When thine and mine once come in hand.

50

In thinges indifferent let me fay,
 This I can doe ; if I offend,
 Or stopp Gods glory any way,
 I'll leaue, and liberty fuspend ;
 If others doubt, I lift not wa'r
 Nor loue in greater matters barr.

51

Is there a tremblinge in thy heart
 That thy corruptions did rebell ?
 Thy couenant's onely broke in part,
 The generall it cannot quell :
 God pardons their infirmity
 Who malice and prefumption flee.

52

Of flatt'ry one well noateth this :
 Of all tame beafts ther's none fo ill,
 Whose maskinge though doth feldom mis
 To be difcernd, for all his skill ;
 Yet some fo cunningly can playe
 That it fhall not itfelf bewraye.

53

Thoufands of foules did make their moane ;
 Againft church robbers was their crye.
 Lord patrons reape where we haue fowne,
 And we, alas ! for famine dye.
 Write thou on their falfe gotten good,
 The price of blood ! the price of blood !

54

The safest way health to preferue
Is a good dyett still to use,
From which if oft thou list to swerue,
And phisicks healpe dost rather choose,
Thou art vnwife ; that purginge cupp
Is bitter to be swallowed up.

55

Some thinke themselues too wise to learne ;
And when the preacher conscience wounds,
While zeale from wrath they'l not discerne,
Finde malice growinge in those grounds :
But no true godly discreet leech
In wrath and pride will spend his speech.

56

Some at the gallous thus complaine :
Woe and woe worth to such a man,
For it was through his trapps and traine
That I into these mischeefs ranne :
True, others may occasions be,
But still the cause is all in thee.

57

That mirth be right this is requird,
That first the same be not obfcene,
Nor yet with quipps and taunts attyr'd,
Not idle, reasonles and vaine,
Not mockinge nor continuall,
In meane, and trembling too withall.

58

I sawe two camps and captaines late
In armes against each other stand ;
Truth, like a kinge, kept stand and state,
But error dayly train'd his band.
Time bred exchange, vntill at length
Error became of greater strength.

59

I fawe oulde Abraham and Lot
 In friendship each with other striue ;
 Their herdsfmen this contented not,
 'Twas not the way for them to thriue ;
 Their care muft through debate apeare,
 Their feruice better to endeare.

60

I fawe two wedd for diuerfe ends,
 That wealth and luft, and this for grace ;
 The firft their portion lewdly fpende,
 Findes but a blaft, a bewtious face ;
 The laft for bodye and for minde
 Had ftore to fitt and leaue behinde.

61

Efteem of men is greatly fought,
 Each will be good while men well fay ;
 But few to this pitch can be brought,
 Not for ill tounge to fhinke away :
 Truth of thy ftate thou heer mayft tell,
 For if thou doft all is not well.

62

Good thinges wer worfe through commones ;
 Some plants by accident growe wilde ;
 Neuer was of familiarnes
 Contempt eftem'd the proper childe ;
 But this our nature is fo vile,
 It oft turnes good to ill the while.

63

Playinge upon the Sabaoth dayes
 To breed diftractions in the minde,
 Yea, full as much and many wayes
 As worke or worldly thoughts, I finde :
 Then reft thy minde (inftead of playe)
 In God, and fport another day.

64

Riches a pleasing plague we proue,
 Beware of thornes, for thornes they are ;
 Will not this danger some men moue
 Of this fore sicknes to beware ?

Yes, this doth teache both rich and poore
 (Deare bought's high pryzd) to scrape the more.

65

At Lancaſter Kinge James muſt take
 Pauſe, els his preſence would of force
 A pallace of that priſonne make,
 And priſners from their boults diuorſe :
 Is not much more that manſion free
 Where God the great Kinge deigns to be ?

66

A greate man for the miniſtry ?
 Oh, no ! it were too greate diſgrace ;
 Men want of bewty in her ſee,
 Therfore, to mend her ſhape and face,
 This virginne many will not wedd
 Till of her portion they be ſpedd.

67

Fiſt, wiſe muſt be a magiſtrate,
 Then expert, next of courage bolde,
 Then ſuch as bribes and gaine doth hate,
 Gods feare too in his heart doth houlde ;
 To make up all this booteth much,
 That he be knowne too to be ſuch.

68

Gods ſaincťs no time for laughter knowe :
 Saith one oulde father, Worldly gladnes
 Is phrenzy. But who now faith ſo
 Shall be a foole, and bound for madnes,
 Preciſe, a ſtoick, and a block :
 Thus wicked men Gods children mocke.

69

Monye is for the thief a praye ;
 Faire houfes fuell for the fire ;
 Blaſtinge oft takes thy fruits away ;
 Pyrates thy merchants ſtock and hire.
 Truſt not in traff ; heer each thinge lyes
 Subiect to many enemyes.

70

Of many foules for want of food
 I heard this great complaint and crye :
 Oh ! would our rulers vnderſtood
 How we are hunger-ſtaru'd and dye,
 Full well I hope they would take care
 Our foules might haue ſome better fare.

71

I ſawe religion in the wane,
 And grace in me decaye withall
 As tainted with the common bane ;
 O let me then myſelf recall :
 Healpe, Lord, be thou my ſtrength and ſtay,
 Ells I ſhall wholly fall away.

72

I ſawe Gods ſubiects willingly
 Permitt their lawfull kinge to raigne,
 And oft ſinne with authority
 Vfurpt ſubiection to conſtraine :
 Whither of theſe the heart doth ſwey,
 His are we whom we thus obaye.

73

Sloth, to take paines to imitate
 Saints liues, their holy dayes did breed ;
 While Chriſts croſs preacht did men amate,
 Church windowe croſſes came in ſteed ;
 And when men ſhrunck Chriſt croſs to beare,
 The deu'l deuif'd wood croſs to reare.

74

'Tis an oulde fayinge and a true,
 Man to the word RECEIVE giue care ;
 But who a ready minde will shew
 To God his grace? Indeed some beare
 A minde, but on a meer mistake,
 And wooe, but 'tis for portions fake.

75

Gods childrens now falvation
 Is not in their owne hands to keep,
 God hath committed it to one
 Will keep them wakinge and asleep :
 Then how much safer is their case
 Then at the first their grandfyes was.

76

Some giue their names up to the Lord,
 And afterward their choice repent.
 Wilt thou with Saul fall on thy sword?
 Flee! flee! escape this dyre euent ;
 And if thou wilt turne, turne from sinne,
 Ne'r from that good way thou was in.

77

By nature we are flesh ; our hearts
 Are hard, and yet we feell it not ;
 But when Gods grace our inward parts
 Lightens, and washeth out our spotts,
 (The vaile remoou'd) then we complaine
 How dead and fenceles we remaine.

78

Lewdnes a while seems moderate,
 A clofe whore first, then for the stewes.
 First honest mirth must recreate,
 Next, time in pleasure we abuse.
 We oft before we studye playe,
 And ere we worke keep holly day.

79

Left we in pleasures pleasure take
 (As one well faith) we must beware
 Ourselues mirth-mongers not to make.
 If we on ought much set our care,
 Though in itself it be not ill,
 Yet turne to nought at length it will.

80

If truth present to us a cupp
 Full of the wrath of some greate man,
 Let us say thus before we supp:
 If truth apeare without this can,
 Let this cupp pass; if otherwyse,
 The dreggs and all I'll not despise.

81

Lowelines, or it's counterfeit,
 Cladd in a graye gowne like a fryer,
 Would downe cast eyes, would breed conceit
 Honor was farr from his desire;
 Yet through humility had hope
 He might at length come to be pope.

82

Against reproof a fect there are
 Who answer, We are finners all.
 Thus from their heads the blowe they beare,
 Like losinge gamesters who doe fall
 To rage and cast downe all, and say,
 My masters, heer is naughtly play.

82

These all in one degree would make;
 Therefore, as men in ancient time
 Against iusticyaries spake,
 That all are stain'd with sinne and crime,
 So now against this liberty
 We pleade, Not all vnrighteous be.

83

Oft in ourselues we that allowe
 Which in another man we blame :
 Hath Thamar plaide the filthy fow ?
 Goe, haue her quickly to the flame.
 For others faults we want no fight,
 But dimme is our reflected light.

84

For lewd men to be mouthed deep,
 And praife of good from them to winne
 Is eafy ; 'tis a pretty flipp,
 But ne'r the more they'l faile therin.
 Praife me, faid one, that I may fee
 Things beft by deeds commended be.

85

Some Balaams with their fquinted eye
 I fawe looke o're the fhoulder fill ;
 While moats they in their neighbor fpye
 The world with loude exclames they fill.
 Though moats there be, yet thefe but dreame
 Who thinke they fpye them through a beame.

86

The tounge is but a litle piece,
 But mighty in its quality ;
 It goes out quickly in a trice,
 But after burns moft vehemently ;
 It freely fpendeth of it's ftore,
 It ftriketh foft, but woundeth fore.

87

One thought himfelf no wealthy man
 So longe as he his fheep could tell :
 Fulfill the foule no riches can,
 For mans defire is vafte as hell.
 Riches, like fuell, quenche a while,
 But after add more to the pyle.

88

With God some goe eu'n cheek by joule,
 They all to reason will reduce ;
 Wherby their boate falls often foule
 On rocks, or, cominge to the fluce
 Where reason runns out of the bay,
 The streame eu'n bears them quite away.

89

I fawe foure hundred prophets blame
 Good Micha, and his wordes despise.
 Content thee, Micha ; thy good name
 Offer to God in sacrifice,
 Nor fainte ; one eagle, kinge of fowles,
 Sees more than doe a thousand owles.

90

As obiects varye, euen such
 Are pleasures also good or ill,
 For circumstances alters much ;
 A leaden rule is then mans will.
 Since this is so, it nere was ment
 They should be left indifferent.

91

Some who an apoplexy shunne
 For a consumption little care ;
 But where the glasse doth softly runne
 Lets scence the minutes are.
 Surfett of sinne some foules doth slay ;
 Some moulde insensibly away.

92

Of lewdnes what will be the end ?
 When Christ within the cloudes shall come
 Were pottherds rocks they should be rend ;
 No flight shall scape the Iudges doome.
 Comfort and hope will then be gone,
 Patience and mitigation none.

93

A gracious heart fo icalous is
 It trembles at the touche of sinne,
 And reasons thus: Well may I misse,
 Since many faile who well beginne;
 What I haue been and am I see,
 But not what may heerafter be.

94

What stepp or state he liued in
 Deiectednes tooke no regard;
 The world then quickly could beginne
 To paye him with this due reward,
 For as he of himself did deem
 Accordingly they him esteem.

95

I sawe vaine prodigality
 Challenge the name of liberall,
 Niggardnes of frugality;
 These one another cozins call;
 But it appeared in the end
 Neither of them were kynne nor frend.

96

Fairenes of minde doth neuer take
 Things doubtfull in the worser part,
 Nor of suspitions trutthes doth make,
 But hates detraction in his heart:
 To this so sweet a quality
 I sawe eu'n hatred frendly be.

97

Youth needs would with his witt and skill
 Playe quitt to each crosse word and deed,
 Whom time yet wrought against his will
 More temperate, while dayly need
 Learned him this golden rule to knowe,
 Doe as thou wouldst be done unto.

98

Rumors of vncouth villany
Against his aduerse parties name
Detraction buzd : no blabb was he,
Nor could he vtter thinges for shame.
Is there not One who from aboue
Sees who thus charge and will not proue?

99

Wrath once was wrong'd, and meeknes too ;
The first broke out to wreake in rage ;
Mildenes another way did goe,
Convinc't his foe with reafons fage :
Wraths cloude so dimmd the first mans eye,
His fault he could not rue nor fpye.

100

I fawe colde zeale (that it might shunne
The taint of foule hypocrify)
Refolue fuch courfe a while to runne
As with his infide fould agree.
But oh ! what will thy cafe be then
If God fay to thy courfe, Amen !

THE FOURTH CENTURY OF OBSERVATIONS
AND MEDITATIONS

OF THE SAME AUTHOR, MR. ROBERT HEYWOOD
OF HEYWOOD IN LANCASHIRE.

1

WHICH is lefs danger of the two?
A colde heart and a careles life;
Or (feeminge hypocrite in fhew)
To keep the outward man in strife?
Since grace may a  t (once truely there),
To God though not to fence apeare.

2

Sinne hath no caufe efficient,
But a deficient all agree;
Euen NOTHINGE privatiue ment
A meer defect of what fhould be.
Damn'd foules bereav'd of good then quite
Mu  t needs to God be oppofite.

3

That nature, which is both the ground
Of beings, and perfe  tions ftore,
Can finns defect in him be founde?
What e're he doth, or can, that's more,
Vnlefs fome power might him compell
To doe fome thinge again  t his will.

4

The leffer the temptation is
 The greater alwayes is the sinne;
 How farr then is that heart amifs
 That doth to tempt it felf beginne?
 Transgreflinge for a piece of bread
 Shews foules extreamely fick or dead.

5

Iuft Lott, while vext with Sodom's sinne,
 Made not a partye to that crue.
 No kingdome ftands at warrs within:
 Feareft thou hell, yet sinne doft rue?
 Houlde on that minde, fo liue, fo die;
 Thou art not of that company.

6

God's the reward of grace and sinne,
 This laft by accident is he;
 Eu'n life whilft him thou bidest in,
 Fire, when thou turneft contrary:
 Yet ftill no change in him remaines
 While thus to man he's joy or paines.

Gen. 15. 1

John 11. 25

Heb. 12. 29

7

Syth man in good entitatie
 Exceeds all creatures heer belowe,
 Why may not we then well beleeeue
 God's loue accordinge therunto?
 No worth in man tho that loue breeds,
 But freely from Gods loue proceeds.

Luke 1. 28

8

In me and all oulde Adams flock
 A common error, if not worfe,
 There is, to witt: what under lock
 We keep, or clofe fhutt in our purfe,
 We make our trust; I meane, God's grace
 The moft men feek but not his face.

9

One tyde his outward man to taske
 So longe, till th'inward went each day
 Like gentlewoman in a masque,
 That which was which one could not say;
 Whilst faults made to this yonger brother
 Checkt conscience forer then the other.

10

The nature of God's kingdom is
 He raignes within the foule as kinge;
 Is faith or no a part of this?
 If so, doe figgs from thistles springe?
 If of Christs little flock thou be
 Sure 'tis not thine till giuen thee.

11

We ground of confidence for life
 From God's will, not his nature, draw;
 Els what should need our stirr and strife
 If's nature were to him a lawe?
 And what the same doth binde him to
 He of necessity must doe.

12

| | |
|-------------|--|
| Rom. 2, 29. | If circumcision be within |
| | And cuttinge of the flesh be none, |
| Reu. 17, 6. | Fond man, let God end and beginne, |
| | Is not he in this worke alone? |
| Rom. 2, 29. | Doth God, who giues to this such praise, |
| | His ground from thy receiuinge raise? |

13

That will which God reniues in man
 Of kindly temper is and free;
 Constraint is that the creatures can;
 Gods subiects liue at liberty.
 Oah! how farr are more excellent
 Workes naturall then violent.

14

In this greate houle did God make ought
 And not for some good vse? All thinges
 For houlehold stuff his hand hath wrought,
 And to their end mooues, guides and brings;
 Yea, th'emmotts worke and flight of flies,
 And les, if les thinges be, then thefe.

15

We owles who walke by reafons light
 Oft cannot see Gods iudgments iust,
 For we are borne birds of the night,
 And so our eyesight may not trust:
 God hath referu'd a further day
 That truth more fully to display.

Reuel. 15. 4.

16

If God first change mans wayward will,
 And will so chang'd (in his account)
 Be thirst, and he the thirsty fill,
 Cauinge in them a springinge fount
 Of euerlasting life to rise,
 Tell me where all thy safety lyes.

Acts 16, 19.

Essay 55, 1.

Reuel. 22, 17.

John 4, 14.

Essay 54, 17.

17

If Efay from God's mouth say true,
 Meer mercye is his couenant.
 Must man make upp it's substance? Shewe.
 And is there in it such a want?
 Where God doth grace communicate
 That foule must needs participate.

18

The Angells speech was much amifs
 (If some mens teaching now be true)
 In sayinge, Iesus faueth his;
 Which well might thus be framd aniew:
 He's Saviour, true, of all that will,
 Ells they may choofe and perishe still.

19

Deut. 19. 36

I went about by reason's knife
 To cutt the forekinn of my heart ;
 I did my best, and by much strife
 I fram'd a wound, but felt no smart :
 Alas ! 'tis onely from aboue
 That breeds true grief and holye loue.

20

Dame Nature hath her worke and ends ;
 By it a fathers heart doth drawe
 (As to a loadstone iron bends)
 Towards his childe by natures lawe :
 Thinke it not thus in God to be,
 Whose loue is all and wholly free.

21

Our Saviour, to perswade our hearts
 What once he was he is for euer,
 Vnto the Asian Church imparts
 His minde, how well he likes endeavour ;
 Who as he shines in endles blifs
 Yet still our louinge brother is.

22

God frames the will : who can withstand
 Where he'll sowe seeds of life and loue ?
 Goe, stopp the snowe from off thy land
 If thou with God wilt mastryes prooue.
 Lord, here am I ; oh ! let no power
 Of darkenes vndermyne this tower.

23

Say, is thy heart at thy command ?
 Cause loue to springe then where is hate.
 Dost thou a foe by nature stand
 To God, and canst thou change this state ?
 Onely that power which made the will
 New frames it, and vphoulds it still.

24

Improuidence did wonder how
That means times past maintain'd so much,
The which he, notwithstandinge, now
By proof can finde to be none such.

Let Providence dispose thy state,
Tis better worth then half thy rate.

25

Light for the righteous man is fowne
And, for the vpright-hearted, ioye.
Dauid, if both of these be one,
Then waye walkinge is a toye :

Ps. 60, 10.

Ob.

Nay, where the Lord his feed doth fowe,
He lookes it should to haruest growe.

An.

26

The Lord doth faue both man and beast ;
Had he not lent us time and space,
Eu'n such as had deserued least
In hell longe since had ta'ne their place.

If now to reprobates there be
No more, ther's opportunity.

27

I fate at meate once with a frend,
And at my back a lookinge-glas,
By him there placed to attend
What spotts upon my back there was ;
Where spyinge blemishes to be,
He shewd them others yer then me.

28

Damn'd foules in hell shall haue this light,
To doome themselues and free God both ;
While still they thinke by workes they might
Once heauen haue wonne but for their sloath :
For in the lawe they liue, drawe, dye,
A yoake to them eternaly.

29

Methought vpon a funneshine hill
 A flock of sheep securely lay
 While their yonge lambes their bellyes fill
 And, like to Laish, skipp and playe;
 Not listninge to their shepards cryes,
 Who cryde out that a storme did rise.

30

If I may my election lose
 Why may I not election winne?
 Of both in me remains the cause,
 So I to God doe first beginne:
 God fees my will will pregnant be,
 And therupon electeth me.

31

One once a speciall sinne reproou'd
 (Gods word oft speaks as men apply),
 Who thought he had done what behoou'd
 Though spoke to all and publickly.
 Adde, if thou good intends to doe,
 Priuate and personall therto.

32

In Gods proceedings with his owne
 Methinkes I see some such like thinge
 As by a iudge I once heard done
 To one charg'd with a reckoning:
 Spare him, quoth he, his reason for't
 He's a well-willer to the court.

33

The earth need not (to rott the tree)
 Suck back it's sapp bestow'd before,
 For soone the same will withered be
 Vnles the earth supply still more:
 So when the spring of grace is dry
 That foule is fure to pyne and dye.

34

The workes of grace muſt needs be done
By vs (it's true) as inſtruments ;
But haue we therfore of our owne
An aſtiue power for ſuch euents ?

We mou'd founde eu'n as violl ſtrings
In executinge holy thinges.

35

Methought oft ſuch as ſhould be friends
For eu'ry trifle are at iarr ;
I fought to knowe what furye bends
Mens mindes from reaſons rules ſo farr,
And wordes ill ta'ne againſt the fence
I ſawe oft (caueſes) breed offence.

36

Each motion from the fountaine ſprings
By means, or ells immediatly.
Moues t'hande againſt its ſinnew ſtrings ?
God guides the cords that all moue by.
If man will croſs the Deity
Then God muſt needs a patient be.

37

Ill aſts (ſay ſome) Gods ſecond will
(Not firſt) wills, or therin ſuſpends
Or nills. He's vertue ; doth he fill
All aſts ? all motions to them lends ?
Is will himſelf yet croſſd ? or thus
Alters remiſſis gradibus.

38

Some men I heare for this contend :
That God doth no man reprobate,
Whiles God is of his workes the end,
Doth freely loue and freely hate,
Not bound therto by nature he !
They ſhall houlde ſo alonc for me.

EXO. 9, 16.

PRO. 16, 4.

EXO. 10, 22.

39

If iustice can uniustly doe ;
 If th'worlde was made to manifest
 Mercye alone, not iustice too ;
 And God's will not decree confest ;
 If Paules Epistle be not true ;
 I'le change my oulde faith for a new.

40

If Gods loue (WILL) not passion be,
 If (WILL and WORKE) in him be one,
 And all his workes ad extra free,
 And he prime end of all alone,
 Of all thinges too the Soueraigne Lord,
 Shall we not him first choice afford ?

41

If faith the guift of God first be,
 And fruites declare man iustifyde,
 And to doe these with constancy,
 And therin to the end abide ;
 If all these come by guift and grace,
 Shall we in vs perfeuerance place ?

42

Grace to a city is compar'd,
 And dutyes to the citty walls
 Which (well vpheld with watch and ward)
 Before the enemy can scale
 Will cost his paines ; if therin be
 A breach, beware thy house and thee.

43

Amongst diffeases that doe kill
 The pott bringes many to their end ;
 And if we creditt men of skill,
 No les in eatinge we offend.
 Meate upon meate first turn'd to dreggs,
 Proues in the stomack feauer eggs.

Phil. 1, 29

James 2, 21.

1 Cron. 29, 18.

44

What hope of good in fuch a houfe
 Where man and wife doe difagree?
 So goes it where the spirituall fpoufe
 To Chrift will not obedient be.
 See that thy will to his encline,
 Seek not to drawe his will to thine.

45

Come, new man, learne thy pedegree:
 Firft, God the promiffe did begett,
 Then that had iffue faith in thee,
 From faith fprunge out thy felf compleate;
 Thus, three defcents already paff,
 Th'entaile thou from thy grandfire haft.

46

That Chrift his bones vnbroken be,
 The fouldiers aët but not their power
 Was limmitt. By what chance thinke we?
 Or clof'd up in what spirituall tower?
 Againe: he power gaue, but with aët
 He ne're our grandfyres ftandinge backt.

47

Bounty begetts in noble mindes
 Towards it's obieët loue and truft;
 And anfverable dutye bindes,
 Of Chrift and thee thus thinke thou muft;
 But by thy aët to binde a kinge
 To thee is fure a perr'lous thinge.

John 1, 16

48

Vnkindnes once an arrowe fhott
 Which in foft flefh made little noife,
 Who, doubtinge if it swell'd or not,
 To rypen it made this ftrange choice
 (That fhe might cure all by her witt),
 To fhooote another after it.

49

2 Sam. 7, ii.

Did God accept of Davids minde
 To builde a temple for his sake?
 If I an inclination finde
 The like within my foule to make,
 Refolue this case then: may not I
 Like promise to like minde apply?

50

2 Sam. 18, 22.

Oft knowledge grace doth ouerunne
 In haste towards the holy hill
 With braggs that now the race is wonne,
 But with Ahimaas nought can tell.
 Who thus without his errand goes
 Himself and iourney ouerthrowes.

51

Purchas Pile,
581.

Industry apishly assayes
 A worke of grace and faith to doe;
 Egyptian like, her eggs she layes
 On kilnes, by art to hatch them fo;
 The creature (when it comes to light)
 By that strange heate hath limbs not right.

52

Gen. 2, 1

Vertue faith, I each creature frame,
 Moue and vphoulde from skye to earth;
 Say, is there any thou canst name
 Hath elsewhere being, moouinge, birth?
 Then wher's the cause that mooueth me
 That I to it should patient be?

Rom. 11, 35.

53

Wordes in the aire like feathers flye,
 And cannot hurt a pebble-stone;
 Why art thou then so moou'd therby?
 If guiltye, see what thou hast done
 And mend. With patience beare a slander
 Els thou from God to man dost wander.

54

Soone and infencibly in bedds
 Sleep makes the nights to pafs away,
 An embleme for our dyinge heads
 That must lye downe in houle of clay.
 Thinke we should heer our reck'nings cast,
 For night of death will foone be past.

55

Were so greate loue and amity
 As Christ commands me to expect
 Made by an honest man to me,
 Could I but hope for good effect?
 God speakes; alas! what ayles me then
 I trust not him so well as men?

56

All men in somewhat place their blifs;
 Cain in revenge, Ifr'ell in quailles,
 In praise of men the Phariseys;
 To fitt thy minde God feldom failes.
 Complaine not; what would'st thou require?
 God giues to thee thine owne desire.

57

Grace is a meer reflected act;
 And as the moone makes greatest shew
 At full, but doth at change contract,
 Facing the funne, not us, you knowe,
 So grace doth God; whilst filld with light
 It oft is most when least in sight.

58

God shutt up Noah the arke within,
 And baptisme is the same to me.
 Hath God left us a key of sinne
 Wherwith his lock may opened be?
 I'll view my baptisme and be boulder
 And trust the pylote; th'arke will houlde.

Gen. 7, 16.

1 Pet. 3, 20.

59

2 Sam. 19, 30.

Gods children like Mephiboseth,
 When God hath stricke the stroake, can say :
 Giue health or sicknes, life or death
 Or riches, or take all away,
 Since thou accepts me ; what was I
 But a dead dogge once in thine eye ?

60

2 Sam. 16, 16.

Deceitfull meaninge's double eyde,
 Saith one, eu'n so by double tounge :
 The same might Abfalom haue spy'de
 In Hushy, and not done him wronge.
 A heart that's false and would seem sure
 The tounge to doublinge doth procure.

61

So prone is nature to be free
 That youth, when it hath gott the rayne,
 Will flinge about at liberty
 Loath to take councell, though for gaine,
 Cheefly at those who late before
 They haue obey'd as gouernor.

62

Ther's difference to imagine thus :
 While, God, thou blessings on us poures,
 For goodnes which thou findes in us
 Thou this into our bosomes showers ;
 And thus to thinke, with Dauid, he
 Did this because he favored me.

63

The roote of faith is to belecue
 Christ is by nature mercifull ;
 From out a churlish man to striue
 To hope for good the heart is dull :
 But (could I once beleuee the thinge)
 Thence faith particular would springe.

64

An ornament is to the minde
 Witt ioyn'd with liberty of tounge ;
 But where nice faltringe speech men finde
 They iudge the heart enditeth wronge.
 When wifdome, heart and tounge agree,
 Spare not to speake at liberty.

65

Some in their frends house must expect
 Observance, some with wants dispence ;
 While they of welcome feell th'effect
 They heed not eury negligence.
 I like not of such nycety
 Where frends must so obseruant be.

66

How many men in want complaine
 That frendship shews it self unkynde,
 Who, if they would looke back againe,
 They not farr off the cause might finde :
 For pride, excesse and vanity
 Breeds want and loseth amity.

67

The course of pinching ancestors
 Is oft to fonn a crooked rule,
 Whose melted monye smoothly poures
 In liquor downe the vnthrifts gule.
 E contra, for men mend the mis
 Oft by an opposit excesse.

68

Commanders who haue will and witt
 It falls out oft they liue not longe,
 For (w'd to rule) in feauer fitt
 They'l haue their fullen fitts amonge ;
 So proude and headstronge men in sinne,
 Ther's danger left they dye therin.

69

Some who ne're fawe th'eternall Sonne
 Thinke they beleeeue fufficiently:
 But fuch a thinge was ne'r yet done,
 For firft he's feen with spirituall eye
 As Scripture limms him, wholly good,
 Full of loue, sweetnes, brotherhood.

70

Who fuddenly from lowe eftate
 To wealth and honor doe arife,
 Muft be well warye of their gate
 To keep ftrait ftepps in any wyfe;
 Whofe fall I better durft affure
 Then ftate to liues end to endure.

71

An office muft provide a man
 And not a man feek for the place;
 Shewe many prefidents who can
 Of that direct and former cafe:
 I muft confefs where I haue been
 Such famples I haue feldom feen.

72

Sometimes men mifs in no fitt means
 To bringe good purpofes to pafs,
 Yet are ill anfwer'd by the gaines;
 Some time where fmall endeavor was
 And forecaft, men haue hapt to thriue:
 Shall this perfuade one lefs to ftrive?

73

Since God gaue man preheminance
 And left him reafons rule for guide,
 Man thought him of fuch eminence
 As God himfelf is too too wide,
 Vnlefs he walke with him alonge
 This path, and els he does him wronge.

74

Youth euer with the rifinge funne
Of all is honor'd more then age,
Yet youth shall proue when youth is done
Such honor is no heritage ;

Saue thus: as others were by thee
Esteem'd, so thou in time shalt be.

75

When conscience let's me see my sinns,
And God calls on to fast and praye,
And some sett solemne feast beginns,
What's best, this or that other way ?

I wott which way the flesh would tend,
Keep thee hence, sorrowe, till I fend.

76

Dauid a house for God would builde,
And God aproou'd this as his fact ;
But was the ground that thus he willd
Ought els but Gods reflected act ?

1 Cron. 17, 10.

Nay, this and all that's like the fame
Are Gods in deed and mans in name.

Ps. 62, 11.

77

Some fay ther's opportunityes
Wherin (whilst men doe hitt or mis) .
Saluation or damnation lyes ;
Others fay none such time there is.

This I beleeue, whom God will saue
Finde time, the other none shall haue.

78

We to the sea Pacificum
Saile through the streyts of Magellan,
Through not *for* faith to life we come,
No other way is left to man :

1 Pet. 1, 5.

The winde and tyde that makes us steer
Is Gods pow're, els we come not there.

79

1 Tim. 2, 15.

Through beaeringe children weomen shall
 Be faued, as th Apostle fayth ;
 Saint Peter also houldes that all
 Who doe beleeeue are fau'd through faith :
 If this a cause of life we hould,
 Why are we not with that as bouldes ?

80

Oh ! that each mourner would take paines
 Gods worke by penne to anatomyze ;
 How would it ope the tempters veines
 To others where his life blood lyes,
 Mans heart, sinns sleights, yea Sathan thorow,
 And ferrett him out of his burrowe.

81

Some Scriptures argue from the cause
 Gods loue to me, some from th'effect :
 Me thinkes the first more kindly drawes
 My heart his fauour to expect.
 Ob: Alas ! yet God's not moou'd by me.
 Ans: Then I'll to Christ for remedy.

82

His drunkenes of any sinne
 The drunkard feldom will confesse,
 There beinge some degrees therin,
 Yea, mirth oft shewes mens nakednes.
 I'll not trust dreams where fences be
 Much oueruld by phantazy.

83

Most men in variance partiall be
 In their owne case. It comes by kynd,
 For who can say his heart is free ?
 Nature in that respect is blinde,
 And to be trusted in it's tale
 As th' hoast when he commends his ale.

84

I fawe proude nature pleade the cafe
 With him who is it's foveraine Logd,
 Tellinge him plainely to his face,
 I giue no creditt to thy word
 Who faift, MY COVENANT I COMMAND ;
 Thou lacks, quoth ſhe, the leſſees hand.

85

By nature man is as the beaſt
 That eyes this worlds faire paſtures green,
 Whoſe teeth now wattringe at the feaſt,
 He falls aboard with ſtomack keen ;
 For whom, if hedge God ſhould not make
 With thornes, a ſurfett he would take.

86

Which, lawe or goſpell, firſt hath place
 In drawinge men to God from finnes
 Hath been a late diſputed cafe ;
 Oft this, oft that, the worke beginns.
 The common courſe is this, you knowe,
 That firſt men plowe and then they ſowe.

87

A print of Chriſt his loue and grace,
 Once ſtampt in me by God, methought
 Of late decayde ; to fill the place
 Nature and induſtry haue wrought
 A pretty piece ; Pelagius frame
 From Chriſt's ſweet cariage, iuſt the fame.

88

Nature I fawe reioycinge much
 How art could naked Noah diſplay,
 Proteſtinge all the pack were ſuch,
 While nature bears the bell away.
 O enemyes ! doe not deſpiſe,
 For though I fall I ſhall ariſe.

Micha 7, 8.

89

Thou thinkest God alike loves all ;
 And builds thy self upon this ground,
 That thou to him shalt stand or fall
 As will and workes in thee are found :
 May not God then say thus to thee,
 Thou trusts thy self, man, more then me ?

90

One a designe had once in hand :
 Beforehand boasting of th'euent
 That he his busines could command,
 His bablinge tongue did all prevent.
 Thy best course is for secrecy
 To turne thy tale quite contrary.

91

Canst thou for God giue will the foyle
 In it's stronge fort and chiefeft hold ?
 Then hast thou felt for this thy toyle
 Reward, sweet peace, thy hundred fold,
 Thy promised payment heer belowe :
 Tell me if this be true or no.

Mark 10, 29.

92

Some trust in God, some thinke they doe ;
 While nature shapes (when God is gone)
 A deputy, for nature, loe !
 Will somewhat haue to rest upon.
 Thus men leaue God, and trust in grace
 Because it hath a comely face.

93

Variety of rules refresh,
 Tho many fett the minde at bay ;
 Much reading's wearines to flesh ;
 Yet this methinkes I well might say :
 Disease (where choice of druggs there be)
 Is neereft to a remedy.

94

Say God hath made no law for man
 The breach wherof might be his finne,
 Durst I denye he iustly can
 Eternall torments cast him in?

What priuiledge had I, for me
 A man and not a toade to be?

95

The cuntrye forces to be viewd
 Once Queen Elizabeth commands;
 'Twas doubted which she would haue shew'd,
 The whole or but the trayned bands;
 This last she ment. Would God saue all?
 His trayn'd ones such we chiefly call.

1 Tim. 4, 10.

96

God for his owne sake mercy shewes
 To some, and some he passeth by
 For that and for no other cause:
 Who art thou, then, that askest why?
 Canst thou for workes then chofen be,
 Or for the same reiecteth he?

Ezek. 16, 61.

Esay 43, 25.

Prov. 16, 4.

Rom. 9, 21

97

Lay up (saith Chrift) for godly poore
 What moth nor canker can decaye;
 In heauen treasure such a store
 As theeues cannot purloyne away.
 Say who from thence can steale the cupp
 Of water giuen such to supp.

Mat. 6, 25.

1 Tim. 6, 19

Mat. 10, 42.

98

Though God create no deity,
 He likes his image fo in man
 He stamps on it infinity
 In such degree as creature can:
 For thus farr to that pitch it tends,
 After it is it neuer ends.

99

Good subiects, like the horfe well mand,
 Neuer make question of his skill
 Who hath the bridle in his hand,
 But are directed at his will.

Thus qualifyde is euery he
 Who heauens cittizen will be.

100

If quickned once by faith thou art,
 Thy life is hidd with Chrift in God ;
 Thy hope laid up clofe in his heart,
 Tranflated thither for abode :

Then to thy foule finge with a cheer,
 My little one, why doft thou feare ?

Ro. 6, 11.

Ephes. 2, 1.

Col. 3, 3.

Col. 1, 5.

Col. 1, 13.

Ps. 43, 3.

Luke 12, 32.

THE FIFTH AND LAST CENTURY OF OBSER-
UATIONS AND MEDITATIONSOF MY LATE REUEREND FATHER IN LAWE, MR. ROBERT
HEYWOOD OF HEYWOOD IN LANCASHIRE.

1

SOME constant be or wilfull rather,
Some flexible by nature are,
For others mindes by deeds we gather ;
These are extreames, of both beware.
If nature erre, it so compose
Thou mayst not be of these or those.

2

Inconstancy deserues no praise ;
Yet oft so little worth is choice
Of things on earth, that fancye sweys
Now this now that way t'heart and voice ;
I shall in these lesse carefull be
So I in one keep constancy.

3

Though it was neither thou nor I
That brought the curse upon mankinde,
Yet all for one mans sinne must dye,
For unto guilt it all doth binde :
So thou nor I, but Christ for all
Doth worke our freedom out of thrall.

4

On Chrif as man would nature bend
 To builde her hopes, for kinde was he
 To all; but, if it apprehend
 Him as the funne in puritye
 With trumpets voice and feet of brafs,
 It then would wifhe him as he was.

5

Because we doe not diffrence put
 'Twixt markes and price in workes of grace,
 We fhoot and come not neer the butt;
 We thinke by workes to winne the race:
 But whether we worke well or ill
 (In that refpect) it doth not skill.

6

God doth a kingdom heer beftowe
 On man, who now fo lordly is
 His foveraigne Lord he will not knowe,
 But thinke with that to purchafe this:
 So firft on Gods owne meale he bakes,
 Then makes an offringe of the cakes.

Ps. 50, 12.

2 Sam. 24, 24.

7

This tafke to the Pelagian crue
 To be perform'd I doe propound:
 A paraphrafe not hard to fhew,
 But genuine to Scripture ground,
 Which Pauls obiections well might want
 And fhewe why he was ignorant.

Ro. 9, 20.

8

Seems it not hard (yet truth you fee)
 That with what thou didft not committ
 Nor couldft avoide thou ftain'd muft be,
 As well as he that acted it?
 Can reafon finde this not a fnare,
 Where Adams iffue had no fhare?

9

But who could throughly understand
 (For 'tis a point of wondrous skill)
 An answer to the Lords demand,
 MAY I NOT DOE EVEN AS I WILL
 With mine? would nere iudge God uniuſt
 To faue and damne eu'n whom he luſt.

Math. 20, 15.

10

Some teachers, uaine and idle both,
 With bugbears of authority
 Would hide their ignorance and floath,
 For Puritanes they would not be ;
 Others will not forbear to fay
 That it of dutye is the ſtay.

11

For what Dame Nature bindes me to,
 Methinkes it is an idle thinge
 That they ſhould thanks require or doe,
 For nature is a noble kinge,
 Whoſe worke is ſelf-fufficient pay :
 Of Chriſtian duties ſo we fay.

12

In grace learn'd by the rules of men
 The Lord delighteth neuer a whitt ;
 That loue and faith which nature then
 Breeds, can we fay he loueth it ?
 Such grace I dare not truſt unto
 As I by induſtry can doe.

13

Let me to ſuch this queſtion moue
 As once haue felt plerophory,
 Whither they can els ought more loue,
 Or finde therein a greater ioye ?
 Canſt thou this heauen knowe and hate,
 And better like a worſe eſtate ?

14

I heard poore students all in vaine
 (For they of late gett no redrefs)
 Of sharking officers complaine,
 Their plaints nicknam'd rebelliousnes
 Against their gouernors. If so,
 Ah! my poore purse, what wilt thou doe?

15

Nature did at kinge Dauid scoff
 Who stickt not at adultery,
 And yet for Saul's lapp cuttinge off
 His conscience could peccau cry.
 'Tis ill in greater sinns to straye,
 Worfe to despise in less thy way.

16

Knowe thou by these, founde is thy state
 If a new creature first thou be;
 Next, hast Christs spirit, loue and hate
 Both to and from his enemy,
 If thy endeauor and desire
 Towards a godly life aspire.

17

Are God his wayes and thoughts so high
 As fruite shall growe where falls his raine?
 Doth he to humbled foules not lie,
 And shall his word not turne in vaine?
 Be merry, Faith, for this is writt
 That thou mayst comfort take in it.

18

Grace as it's tearmd a liuinge springe,
 So bread of life th'immortall feed;
 All in relation to the thinge,
 Th'obiet where it doth feed or breed.
 The feed's immortall God doth sowe;
 Can e're this feed then cease to growe?

Essay 55, 9, 11.

Mat. 5, 3.

Essay 40, 8.

1 Peter 1, 25

John 20, 31.

19

That man was loft the fault was his,
 Why feek we an euafion?
 Alone by Chrift God mends the mifs,
 Chrift onely is faluation.
 Shall I defpaire? Workes, come not neer;
 Hence from the barr, you pleade not heer.

20

God bidds man circumcife his heart,
 Which yet he faith himfelf will doe;
 Is man heer but the paffiue part?
 Why then doth God command him fo?
 Command fhewes what man owes, and was
 Gods promiffe what he'l bringe to pafs.

Dewt. 10, 16.

Dewt. 30, 6.

21

To keep a benefactors hand
 In vre fome ufe this pollicy,
 They will not come to underftand
 Their frend hath done them curtefy.
 An outworne fleight: I muft doe more,
 For all was nought I did before.

22

Since fauinge workes in Gods account
 Were finifht when the world beganne,
 So high a stepp why doft thou mounte
 To worke for wage? Be thankfull, man;
 The Sabaoths come; beleecue and fay,
 I'le reft for 'tis the Sabaoth day.

For faiths Sabaoth
 worke Sabaoth
 workes.

23

Worshipfull, noble, honorable,
 Are titles late growne much in ufe
 To meane men; foone grooms of the ftable
 Will take fuch terms for no abufe:
 At length none will for kings be left
 Them to diftinguifh from the reft.

24

If mans will can his state dispose
 How can we choose but be our owne,
 While each mans foule to winne or lose
 Remaineth in his will alone?
 Lord, dost thou pardonne sinns forepast,
 And damne for those committed last?

25

The filkeworme and the spider both
 Their webbs out of their bowells spinne;
 May they therewith their bodyes cloathe,
 Or chuse what use they'l put them in?
 Why then not he who bredd and bore
 All men of his owne stuff and store?

26

Gods interne workes are naturall,
 Yet those ad extra alwayes free;
 Which some tho necessary call,
 And so by consequent they be:
 While he who neuer changeth minde
 All actions to his will doth binde.

27

Things vegetable and sensitiue
 Haue life as fitt to keep them sweet;
 Mens bodyes foules wherby they liue;
 These must be seafond by Gods Spirit:
 Thy foule then to that Spirit lincke
 That in Gods nose thou doe not stincke.

28

Some between faith and feelinge put
 A difference; doe they vnderstand
 The same specificall or not?
 I houlde them both but as a hand
 Graspinge in more or lesse degree
 Gods mercy: thus they seeme to me.

29

Heer and in heauen laftinge life
 Needs Gods continuall fupply :
 Wilt thou contend with him in strife
 That he deals not indifferently,
 Vnlefs each moment more and more
 He adde to what he gaue before ?

30

Gods childe oft ground for confidence
 Seeks from effects, neglects the caufe ;
 And who lacks his fweet influence
 But generall trust from mercyes drawes.
 Oh ! let me firft eye grace in thee,
 Then next, by markes, thy worke in me !

31

The niew man is a very fpirit,
 And of Gods fecret Spirit borne ;
 Shall it not liue then to inherit ?
 Can life be from a fpirit torne ?
 Or with the bodye doth it end,
 And on the fame for life depend ?

John 3, 6.

Ro. 6, 8, 11.

Ro. 8, 11.

32

By euery one it is confest
 That all which God doth he decrees,
 Wherby to finne yet none is preft,
 Though th' act (as fuch) is his, thou fees ;
 While finne from nought, not nothinge, fpringes,
 Whence God a fomethinge, glorye, bringes.

33

Some men are lewde and fee it too,
 Some fo, yet can it not difcerne ;
 They both belecue but neither doe.
 Let me one further leffon learne :
 Eu'n praëtife both with heart and hand
 Till I the diffrence vnderftand.

34

Ps. 62. 11.

God by his prophet 's said to speake ;
 'Tis he doth all both speake and doe :
 How then shall duſt, poore man and weake,
 Aſt or thinke good, perſeuer too ?
 In eu'ry word, worke or intent,
 Man is but as Gods inſtrument.

35

1 John 5. 10

Faiths grant, is it conditionall ?
 Then vnbeleef makes God no lier,
 Who of beleeuers ſaueth all :
 Of reprobates yet I enquire,
 May not God ſay, I wronge not thee.
 Thou neuer promiſſe hadſt from me ?

36

I reade how conſcience naturall
 May both diſcerne and iudge a finne :
 Haue we not cauſe to tremble all,
 For what can grace doe more therin ?
 Why ſearche we not our thoughts and wayes
 Whither we be of thoſe or theſe ?

37

T'avoide taxe of inſtancy
 Some ſtand for that more ſtiff then truth ;
 Some in religion altred be
 In age from what they were in youth :
 Glorye too deare the former gaines,
 This laſt ſmall creditt for his paines.

38

Yond is, faith one, a propper youth,
 And he himſelf doth knowe it too ;
 Adam taught us our ſelues to ſoothie,
 Wherby we marr what well we doe.
 The more one doth in grace excell
 The leſs he eyes when he doth well.

39

Some men are ready to apply
 As aim'd at them each secret smile;
 If any whisper, certainly
 It is some practise to beguile.
 A worthless minde contains the springe
 Of iealousyes in euery thinge.

40

As basenes oft doth apprehend
 Suspicious plotts without a cause,
 So sottishnes on th'other end
 In gross abuses findes no flaws;
 Who betwixt these would wisely walke
 Much must not heed nor fools nor talke.

41

A iewell is an honest name;
 Yet who thereon can bulde a tower
 While frends, repute and cuntry fame,
 Were wonne and lost both in an hower?
 How weake is fame's opinion
 For me to set my rest upon!

42

I sawe base mindednes deprauē
 An act both ment and done for good;
 Can Sathan better weopens haue
 To nipp weake graces in the budd?
 Lord, keep me from such iudges still
 As with one eye iudge good and ill.

43

Like to the streame that keeps his way
 So is the grace of God in man;
 The springe is God, which, if it stay,
 Tell me but what the creature can.
 Alas! poore worme, what wouldst thou be?
 A fountaine like the Deity?

44

Esay 48, 11

Esay 52, 3.

Esay 55, 1.

God for his owne felfs fake doth faue ;
 Then what doe tears or praïres auaile ?
 Shall any grace the office haue
 Of Chrïst? I'le then in duties faile.
 Oh, God forbidd! I thefe muſt doe ;
 He bids: for other reaſons too.

45

Ther's ſkill in dawbinge ſome men fay,
 In temperinge the mortar too ;
 Vntempered mortar many lay
 In God his buildinge, doe not fo ;
 Temper the mortar, hew the ſtone,
 Then lay this well wrought mortar on.

46

Who ſo ſubmitts to God his will,
 Such entertaine the Sonne of God ;
 Th' Eſſentiall Word that houſe ſhall fill
 With grace where he doth make abroad,
 Whoſe will's a worke eternaly
 To life by th' ſpirit of ſanctity.

47

There is a lawe of ſinne and death,
 Another of the Spirit of life ;
 On this the new man drawes the breath,
 In that the oulde liues ſtill at ſtrife ;
 From which trunk (nature changd) doth growe
 The new man, like the miſſelto.

48

Did Iacob once with God preuaile
 A bleſſinge from him to procure ?
 His ſinnew ſhrunken limb ſhall trayle,
 And to his death he halte ſhall fure :
 The proof of this ſome foules doe knowe,
 His glorious Name be prayd tho.

49

Sinns are defects of what should be,
 Beings are positiue and good ;
 God oft permitts deficiency,
 Workes not. This truth understood,
 His iustice cleers, tho he deny
 To mans performances supply.

50

One in the riuer would goe bathe
 While others fate upon the brincke,
 These little doubtinge harme or scathe ;
 He felt his foot in sand bed sincke,
 Cryde, Houlde my hande, masters, we all
 Will each with other stand or fall.

51

If outward workes we wallow in,
 Our workes and us God will despise ;
 To teache good workes with faith beginne,
 Which ground see thou anatomyze.
 This is in Christ's sweet yoake to drawe,
 The heart and liuer of the law.

52

God oft of worke-proude Saul makes Paule,
 Thus he delights to shewe his grace ;
 Who first eyes light beware a fall,
 Gods back parts heer, els were his face.
 The funne shines brightest when it croudes
 And breaketh forth out of the cloudes.

53

Were euery congregation fraught
 With bleedinge hearts and gapinge ground,
 I could well skill that should be taught
 Which might preferue from deadly swonde :
 To sowe free grace on vnplow'd earth
 Is often choaked in the birth.

54

The loadstone with the iron meets,
 The vine tree doth the elme embrace,
 The man of peace, peace frendly greets ;
 Each ioyes in it's owne mate and place.
 Knowe, if thou wilt not entertaine
 Gods peace, it turnes to him againe.

55

Two natures in each Christian are ;
 PHISITIANS take good heed therefore
 That you your potion so prepare
 As both may kill and yet restore.
 Croffnatur'd must th'ingredients be
 That must meet with the maladye.

56

Simples of contrary effect
 Oft in one cupp men mixe for us
 Their acrimony to correct
 And worke remissis gradibus.
 Why is not unto Christians tho
 The lawe and Gospell preached so ?

57

Rom. 3, 28

Faith onely faues, and faith alone :
 How then doth this with them agree
 Who say that to salvation
 Workes also necessary be ?
 In Christ by faith we onely rest,
 And workes concurr to manifest.

58

Gospell by accident hath been
 Longe to the world a sleepeinge songe ;
 Who, when the lawe doth threate for sinne,
 Can aske, To whom doth this belonge ?
 For none can keep it ; I would knowe
 How one might fasten heer belowe.

59

In what degree the flesh bears swaye
 It turnes good dutyes to a taske ;
 What heart dare from performance stay
 Till it be fitt then I would aske ?

Oy-es ! to all the world I crye,
 Who's free for taskworke ? for not I.

60

Some painte our Savior Christ to be
 A strict exactor of the lawe :
 O wondrous hidden mystery !
 Which this effect from man did drawe,
 Sainct worship, where they need not stand
 To feare of lawes exactinge hand.

61

Some Christ the onely obiect make
 Of faith, so as they would embrace
 None, none but Christ for his owne sake,
 Rather then looke at markes of grace.
 'Tis good ; yet tokens from a frend
 My heart doth to the author fend.

62

We walke at first in natures night ;
 Then by the lawe we see our sinne ;
 Afterwards grace reniues our fight,
 At liberty to walke therin
 The new mans way ; th' effect then see
 On such shall peace and mercy be.

Gal 6, 16.

63

Vnles we leaue goods, land and life
 For Christ, we no disciples be ;
 Yet, who forsakes goods, lands or wife
 For him are such : can these agree ?
 Yes ; he that's true in lesser store
 The same is faithfull too in more.

64

All truthes fitt not to euey eare
 And time ; no man his shipp will fraught
 With more then it is fitt to beare ;
 Gods truth must truely too be taught ;
 To mourners mercy, but the rock
 With fire and hammer thou must knock.

65

Frend not to men but truth and right
 Commissioners (in suites) should stand,
 So as for frend or foe they might
 Be chofe and beare an equall hand.
 He that regards whose is the iarr
 Is not a found commissioner.

66

Where dwells the niew man and the oulde
 The heart compound makes th' aēt fo too,
 Yet each doth his owne nature houlde,
 And th' one is not the other tho.
 Marr not but mixe Gospell and lawe,
 The first will leade, the second drawe.

67

While sinne past measure sinful was,
 To preache free grace seemd flattry ;
 I hop't by workes to bringe to pafs
 My conscience should at quiett be.
 Ile now eye Christ, my hope indeed ;
 Will this feed sinne? No, God forbidd!

68

Where sight of sinne fetts foules at bay,
 In such niew vessells poure free grace ;
 This is the niew mans holy day,
 Hence Sabaoth workes will flow apace :
 This doctrine still the oulde man stripps,
 No lettice tho for rebells lipps.

69

God giues man power, but man muſt doe.
 A dangerous ſpeech ; is ought our owne ?
 But we are liuinge agents too.
 So much more acted then a ſtone.

Ob

An

Ob

An

We eu'n, as puppetts on the ſtringe,
 But moue as moou'd in euery thinge.

70

On Iſrael firſt the lawe bore ſwaye,
 On India now in popiſh vaile ;
 Why may not God therby make way
 His Goſpell there thus to entaile ?
 He doth, though rare, ſuch veſſell fitt,
 Then poures that liquor into it.

71

My father when I was a boye
 (T' indeare my loue to him the more)
 Charg'd my ſchoole maſter he ſhould ſpye
 A fault in me to whipp me for
 That he might ſpare me from the rodd ;
 So deals with us our gracious God.

72

Doth God by precept in his booke,
 Example too, one thinge perſuade,
 THAT HE DOTHTH ALL ; and bidds us looke
 To him in all thinges he hath made ?
 And ſhall he to ourſelues expoſe
 Whither we life ſhall winne or loſe ?

73

Who doth falſe doctrine houlde or preache,
 And duly warn'd perſiſts therein,
 I will forbear to heare him teache
 Left I be partner of his ſinne ;
 But ſhall I cenſure preachers ſo
 And not a ground worke throughly knowe ?

74

From coueteoufnes fuch may be free
 As at anothers charges live;
 But if, where wife and children be,
 Truft to Gods prouidence we giue
 And use with patience lawfull means,
 Then haue we faith; oh, happy gaines!

75

None without workes, fome fay, are fav'd,
 And (by their leaue) I'll fay fo too;
 But from that act tho workes are wayu'd;
 Worke, what haft thou therin to doe?
 Yet faith, left thou a handmaide want,
 Art a worke too concomitant.

76

All men must worke, both good and bad,
 The good from faith, the bad for life;
 The first for fauour they haue had,
 The last till flesh dye in the strife;
 A lawe to that by accident,
 To this by issue and euent.

77

Good Henry earle of Darby last
 Could ne're endure (I heare some fay)
 A fuitor should come to him waste
 And discontented goe away.
 Ah! could we thus of Christ conceaue
 What sweet impreffions it would leaue.

78

For each hard vface of thy frend
 Shewe not distruste in any wife;
 Healpe him his churlishnes to mend
 (Excuses are not alwayes lies)
 By fairely makinge his excuse
 If thou his frendship meane to use

79

Some pittye me as ledd awrye
By liftninge much to Gods free grace ;
I moane my felf too, wott you why ?
Because my heart is no fitt cafe
For fuch a iewell, for you knowe
Niew wine requires niew veffells tho.

80

Weigh well for whom, who, what he paide
To ranfome thy poore foule from hell ;
And will not this kill in the head
Self confidence? Marke this thinge well :
If thy good life thy peace hath wrought,
Then fuch a ranfom ftands for nought.

81

Wretch, canft thou Gods free grace applye
Yet in thy heart regardest finne?
Thy faith is but a phantazy,
Thou a niew ground worke muft beginne ;
For though true faith recciues alone,
If faith want workes that faith is none.

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